

THE AMERICAN BC CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini
ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem
sive confitentem. S. AUG. EPIST. ccxxxviii, AD PASCENT.

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THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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I.

A VISIT TO THE MISSIONARY INSTITUTES OF EUROPE WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF THEIR ORIGIN.

ITALY

TO ONE eternal city in this eternal land all roads lead. From that same eternal city the one true religious road leads. It is but meet therefore that our news-gathering jaunt, to the institutions which build and populate that road, should begin from somewhere in that land of sun. Why not

Turin

with her four noble establishments?

Most remarkable of these is the "Society of St. Francis de Sales," the first Salesian Home for wayward boys, founded some eighty years ago by Venerable Don Bosco whose life and labors could profitably be read by our rising generation. Some idea of what the sons of this "Apostle to Abandoned Youth" have done can be gathered from a glimpse at their home in Patagonia where Darwin, on his first visit, thought he had found the "missing link" amidst inhabitants "incapable," he said, "of civilization." It is true that a second visit somewhat opened his eyes, but what would the learned professor say today could he but see the "ascent of man" in that barbarous land, under the gentle sway of the Salesian Society?

The vineyard of this Society yields fruit the world over and all countries are represented by the laborers themselves save possibly Asia Minor where Italians alone are active and the Congo State which Belgium seems to have adopted as her own.

Turin's second flag of Catholicity was flung to the breeze in 1900 when the Consolata Seminary for the Promotion of Foreign Missions raised her banner. But two decades have gone and this local branch ministerially governs four vicariates in Africa.

The Mother-houses of the Sisters of Cottolengo and of the Consolata Sisters, though last to be visited in Turin, are by no means least in importance for these saintly ladies aid materially in the sowing and reaping by sewing and ripping for mission seminarians.

Worthy of particular mention in this sphere are the Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians, whose congregation, founded in 1872 by Don Bosco and Maria Mazzarello, now counts some 5000 members of whom 300 do the necessary, taken-for-granted, menial household work for Salesian Seminaries. The Mother-house of these true missionaries adds not, however, to Turin's fame for Nizza Monferrato enjoys that honor.

Milan

Where once taught and ruled the great St. Charles Borromeo, there was established in 1850, by Monsignor A. Ramazotti, a Mission Seminary which today is the largest in the city despite the fact that the number of students has decreased somewhat in the past few years. The priests ordained from this institute now minister to the needs of two dioceses in Farther India, five vicariates in East India and two in China. This same seminary serves as headquarters for many Italian and German missions.

We now travel North and East some eighty miles where greets us :

Verona

Into this town of thirty centuries we are welcomed by the Sons of the Sacred Heart, whose Society for the cultivation and education of missionaries settled here in 1885. The institution harbors Italian, German and Austrian students: the last named predominated for years but of late the Italians constitute the majority.

Until the Mahdi revolution spelled expulsion, these true philanthropists ministered to the needs, spiritual and corporal, of the immense vicariate of central Africa.

Khartoum and Buhre together with a mission house in Egypt are under the same Sacred Heart guidance and quite recently ground was broken for a modern establishment in East Transvaal.

We are still in Vernea and needs must hurry, but let us pause a mere moment to view the Mother-house of the Sisters of Christian

Charity whose hands of mercy dip into and ameliorate the woes, religious and domestic, of far China and farther India. To

Genoa

and her many "to-be-proud-of" institutions our journey carries, but en route we cannot fail to notice the Missioners of the Sacred Heart at Gemona, the blank walls of the once-famous, now-closed, Seminary at Parma, and points made famous by sowers of religion in the towns of Pordenone and Aviano.

Our time in Genoa allows but one stopping place; this alone, however, would do honor to any large city. The Mission College of Brignola where the Lazarists educate priests to spread propaganda well feasts our now hypercritical eye.

After a flying visit to the most remote corner of the Genoa diocese, wherein lies the little town of Troire, the birthplace of John Lant-rider who, one hundred years ago, was tortured for the faith in China, we return by way of

Florence

Of interest in the history of the Missions, if for no other reason than that John Marignola came from this birthplace of Dante.

To Florence also belongs the glory of having given to the Church, the Servites, a society of many saints, ten of whom have been canonized. A glance at their voluminous writings will prove how useful and how powerful in the eighteenth century was this band, now forgotten by all but its mother—Florence.

The Sisters of St. Anne of Providence whose labors are most appreciated in Arabia and Eritrea add much to the high mission reputation now enjoyed by this same city.

We must be going. Somehow the larger cities magnetize, yet some smaller towns through which we pass such as Montecorino, Macerta, Capistrano and Amalfi remind us forcibly how important they are in Mission building; at least they were, three or five centuries gone. In Bertinoro, however, we find a regeneration of this age old spirit and hence breathing a "God bless the small town" we put full speed ahead for

Naples

The towers of several Mission Colleges pierce the Neapolitan sky; all educating young men for the priesthood, all sending laborers to the vineyard, all harvesting fruit in China and Africa.

Our Italian journey nears its allotted time and more's the pity, yet must we hasten to the one true Mission centre, to the real van-

tage point from which to view Mission Italy. The Mother City calls; we take the first road, we take any road for, as before, all roads lead to

Rome

Whence springs living water for the whole Mission World. Capuchins, Franciscans, Trinitarians, Benedictines, Dominicans, Jesuits, Thealines, all drink at this fountain. Here are Seminaries, Colleges, Mother-houses for almost every Mission Society.

The Italian, meaning of course Roman, Franciscans now labor in five vicariates: Tripoli, Rhodes, Bolivia, Berne and Argentine. Not to be outdone the Capuchins also have taken over five vicariates most of which are in India. As yet the Trinitarians have but one Mission and that at Bernardin. The Italian Jesuits care particularly for the diocese of Mangelene in India; the Benedictines have chosen Kandy in Ceylon; the Dominicans, Asia Minor and Syria; the Lazarists, South Kiangsi in China; the Thealines organized by Pope Pius X are spread mainly throughout the United States.

The Franciscans from "Sunny Italy" merit mention over and above in so far as they seem bent on evangelizing the entire globe. Tunis, Tripoli, Brazil, Egypt, China, all know the simple sons of Assisi; while even the negroes of Savannah, Georgia, hear the word of God from Franciscan lips through the mouth of the affiliated Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

By way of recapitulation let us cite from the "Arcus": "Italian Missions are active in 7 dioceses, 23 vicariates, 7 prefectures and some 20 scattered missions."

II

LATEST ACTIVITIES IN THE MISSION WORLD TODAY

Western Asia

The small amount of information available from Cilicia and Armenia gives but little satisfaction. One report says: "Made bold by their recent victory over the Greeks, the Turks are constantly becoming more insolent and are taking measures to destroy Christianity. The authorities give all possible explanation and assurances, but the mob continues to harass with the hope that the Christians may emigrate." The missionaries are persevering fearlessly but unless helped from outside, the Turks will realize their purpose.

The organized Judaizing of the Holy Land is being carried on to an extreme degree. Although the production of the Passion was forbidden to be shown in a Christian moving-picture theatre during Holy Week of last year because it might offend the Jews, still a Jewish theatre presented a play which insulted the Franciscan custodians of the Holy Land in the coarsest manner.

The population of that part of Palestine which comes under British dominion is 755,858. Of these, 585,564 are Mohammedans; 83,794, Jews; 73,026, Christians; and 9,479 of other sects. We can see from these figures that the favors accorded to the Jews by the British government are ill thought of by the Arabs who are in the majority. It is doubtful as to whether the English government will carry out its plans contrary to the will of the Mohammedans and Christians.

India

According to the "Catholic Directory" for 1922 there are 2,304,846 Catholics in British India. Other reports give much larger numbers; for Ceylon, 387,251; for the rest of British India, 2,526,117, totaling therefore 2,913,368 Catholics. For the year of 1921 the total is estimated at 318,942,480. From this report it is clear that the percentage of Catholics is small, despite the labors of the missionaries there for many centuries. One thousand three hundred and twenty (1,320) European and 1,960 native priests are insufficient for this vast territory even if they would devote themselves exclusively to the missions. But in fact, half of the priests are engaged in teaching school, in matters of organization, and in pastoral work among the white population; so that for the pagan mission work there remain about 1,350 priests.

The native priests have more than two-thirds of their number spread among the Portuguese and Malabar dioceses; Ceylon has a greater number of native priests than any other of the mission provinces. More missionaries and more Seminaries for the education of the native clergy constitute the most urgent problems of the Indian missions at present. The Seminaries established at Madras and Trichinopoly are progressing most encouragingly and the schools of the Malabar rite are exceptionally well attended.

This last note is rather encouraging because the European priests may be expelled and only a strong, zealous, native clergy can save the Catholic Mission from ruin. Almost a million souls have been won by Christianity since 1911 in India but alas; two-thirds of this number are Protestant.

Sunda Islands

The Catholic Mission in Dutch East India is in a flourishing condition. In the midst of a pagan and Mohammedan population numbering nearly fifty million, there are to be found 134,638 Catholics, including 163 priests, 113 brothers, 528 sisters and about 300 catechists. The vicariate of the little Sunda Islands shows the greatest progress. The number of baptized there is 58,373.

China

A report from Rome states that the Apostolic Delegate at Peking has received a communication from the Chinese Catholics, in which the Catholics express their sincere appreciation of the founding of an Apostolic Delegation in China and offer to erect for the Delegate his own private residence in Peking. With this end in view all the Catholic newspapers of China have begun a subscription campaign, which thus far has been quite successful. The enthusiasm of the people is manifested by the considerable sum already subscribed. To the above mentioned communication the Delegate replied that if such a residence be built it should be plain, respectable and thoroughly Chinese in style and maintenance.

The number of Catholics in China, according to a report from Zikowei, increased in 1922 from 2,056,338 to 2,143,116. This increase of 86,778 souls compares favorably with 61,855 for 1921 and 37,318 for 1920, although during the years immediately preceding the war the increase per annum approached the one thousand mark.

The fifty-eight mission districts are divided among the various organizations as follows:

Lazarists	11	Vicariates	
Seminary of Paris	13	"	1 Prefecture
Franciscans	10	"	
Scheutveld Fathers	4	"	1 Prefecture 1 Mission
Seminary of Milan	4	"	
Jesuits	4	"	
Fathers of Divine Word	2	"	
Dominicans	2	"	
Capuchins	1	"	
Seminary of Rome	1	"	
Seminary of Parma	1	"	
Salesians	1	"	
Portuguese Seculars	1	"	

In addition to these, two districts in China are managed by the Benedictines of St. Ottilien, whose superiors also direct Maryknoll, Passionist and Divine Word Missionary activities in China.

Of the 86,000 converts, the Lazarists claim 34,827; the Jesuits, 13,646; and the Franciscans, 10,350. If we add to figures given some 540,000 "catechumenoi" the result shows a considerable number of Catholics in China.

The proportion of Catholics in the several missions can be approximated thus:

Lazarist	1 to 112
Fathers of Divine Word	1 to 116
Jesuit	1 to 156
Franciscan	1 to 265
Paris Seminary	1 to 390

The increase of native clergy is quite gratifying since their army of 1030 compares most favorably with the combined European and American ranks of 1404 missionaries.

The general council to be held this year will be of greatest importance to the missions, for not only will ecclesiastical superiors attend but also a foreign and native priest from each district.

The Franciscans have also organized a society of lay sisters who are affiliated with the Missionary Sisters of Mary. This new sisterhood, approved by the Propaganda, takes a middle position between the professed nuns from Europe and the native "God-devoted maidens" who live in the world and act as catechists.

The increasing number of Americans and Irish laboring in China is most encouraging. The American Lazarists govern the vicariate of Cantschou; the Maryknollers are spreading rapidly and gaining quite a reputation especially in Canton; while the districts of Hoonan and Woochang are well cared for by American and Irish Passionists and Franciscans.

Japan

Reports from the prefectures of Sapporo and Niigata show a gradual increase: the former with a population of 2,273,000 boasts, though none too loudly, of 1358 Catholics and 169 under instruction; the latter, however, has no such noble record for amidst 4,000,000 inhabitants there are to be found but 484 baptized Catholics and 45 catechumens. The faith is nevertheless very much alive in these scenes and given a continuance of the present zealous spirit time and grace will work marvels.

Japan harbors some 56,000,000 people of whom 82,000 are Catholic: truly there are needed harvesters. The Seminary of Paris to which half the districts are entrusted is unable to provide the priests necessary.

The Japanese government is once more sympathetic for she now allows the purchasing of new land and has returned plots confiscated from mission localities, an item of vast importance.

Corea

Reports of Corean success in mission activities are for the most part views. Two facts constitute all the "news" available at present: the

Benedictines, to whom Bishop Gaspar has ceded land and buildings, have entered and are now "ploughing" the fields of Tlan and Tanki; fact number two is that the Maryknollers contemplate evangelizing N. W. Corea and have selected the town of Pjongjang for headquarters.

Africa

Nearly all the missions in Africa need workers and friends though they are, for the most part, in a flourishing condition. There is such a dearth of laborers that the present prefect of Lindi thus expressed himself:

"The harvest is great but the laborers are few. If we had twelve more fathers, there would be ample work for them to do. Thousands welcome us with outstretched arms beseeching help but we are powerless because of the shortage of priests."

East Africa

The Franciscans have planted the cross in a region where heretofore the inhabitants have offered the greatest resistance to Europeans. This in the district of Gambaragora, a section very rich and fertile and of the greatest importance to the civilization of the lake region.

The station at Tunza abandoned in 1916 but reopened in 1920 tells quite plainly the progress of the Christian ideal. Before the war the chapel was visited by scarcely ten negroes; today nearly half the blacks hear Mass from the veranda, so large has the congregation grown.

To remedy the scarcity of priests in the Upper Nile district, where whole tribes eagerly await guidance to the fold of the Good Shepherd, Bishop Biermans has founded a Seminary at Nyanza in a thickly populated province. This project for the welfare of 50,868 Catholics and 1334 catechists was deemed so important by the Bishop that money was borrowed to finance the work.

South Africa

There has been appointed quite recently an Apostolic Delegate to Southern Africa in the person of Jordan Gijlswijk O.P.; while from Swaziland comes the good news that last year, five priests, four lay brothers and ten sisters were added to the previously over-worked crew of Tyrolese Servites.

Reports from Inkamana and Namagualand bear the eternal plea: "Send us priests." The cry has been answered somewhat by the German Benedictines and the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales but the latter have been handicapped by the recent death of their Apostolic Prefect, Monsignor Kralikowski.

Madagascar

The Holy Ghost fathers still control these regions which of late have been elevated to an independent vicariate.

West Africa

Good results are heralded from Lunda where the same Holy Ghost fathers have doubled their efforts and thereby doubled the religious spirit of the natives. In the central mission the old chapel no longer affords sufficient room, for the number of believers has increased fourfold.

In the Prefecture of Cubango the Apostolic Prefect has hurriedly erected a new station to stem the tide of Protestantism; although far from completion this bulwark counts five schools, five hundred neophytes and twenty seminarians.

From Kamerun, Bishop Vogt reports a keen and ever growing love for Christianity on the part of the natives as manifested by the enthusiasm with which they received him on his arrival in Duala in October last year.

In Belgium Congo, the Dominican Prefecture of East Uelle already numbers six main colonies with 8543 Christians and 7521 candidates for baptism.

The Jesuit missionary, Father Bernard Marx, famous at least in Austria for his illustrated lectures, last year fell a victim to the malignant black fever. The May number of "Echoes from Africa" in publishing the sad news, printed a letter written by Father Marx in December, 1922, which concludes with the following words: "I am feeling fine and am especially successful with the negroes. I do not wish to return to Europe as yet, not even to beloved Austria." Truly a touching sermon!

North Africa

In Morocco the Franciscans maintain sixteen elementary and two high schools, which are attended by many non-Catholics. These priests direct a commercial and industrial college in which four thousand one hundred students are taught Spanish, English, German, French, Latin and Arabic.

Canada

The Canadian Hierarchy lists one cardinal, eleven archbishops, twenty-two bishops, two mitred abbots and five thousand one hundred priests.

Of the eight million inhabitants, three million are Catholic; of one hundred thousand Indians, forty-one thousand profess our faith, thirty-five thousand are Protestant and twenty-four thousand pagan.

Jesuits, Sulpicians, oblates of Mary Immaculate and the secular clergy all maintain thriving missions amongst these Canadian Indians.

The Knights of Columbus have erected in Ontario a magnificent monument in memory of the first Mass celebrated in Canada. The Holy Sacrifice was first offered in what is now the Dominion of Canada, August 12, 1615, by a Recollect Friar, Father Joseph Le Caron. This "Apostle to the Hurons" was also the first to preach the Gospel in this region.

The twin provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta lament, with the oblates of Mary Immaculate, the loss of the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Henry Grandin. This exemplary priest spent forty-eight years in Western Canada and in 1917 founded an O. I. M. Seminary at Edmonton, which has already sent forth twenty-four priests.

United States

The first seminary for colored priests in the United States was founded at Greenville in the diocese of Natchez in 1920 by the Fathers of the Divine Word and now houses 30 zealous students.

The Conceptionists (Poor Clares) settled in Olean, New York, in July recently and have already opened a novitiate. Although now heavily laden, these Sisters propose founding schools for native girls in China.

Australia

On the occasion of the centenary of the laying of the cornerstone of the Cathedral of Sydney, a comparison was made between Australia one centry ago and Australia today. One hundred years ago Australia knew but one priest; today nine archbishops, sixteen bishops and fifteen hundred priests daily offer there the unending sacrifice: one hundred years ago that one priest carried his own altar, for there was no church; today twenty-two hundred churches beautify that land: one hundred years ago, shiploads of deported convicts preached rebellion and spread iniquity; today one million two hundred thousand Catholics preach loyalty and disseminate charity.

The Salesians of Don Bosco, mentioned early in this article, have taken over the vicariate of Kimberley; the fathers of the Divine Word have adopted the Province of Central Guinea, while in Dutch India the Picpus fathers are meeting with most heartening results.

That the seed of faith is falling on good ground and yielding fruit a hundredfold is evidenced by the fact that Cook and Manihiki now farm an independent vicariate whereas heretofore they came under the jurisdiction of Tahiti.

Portugal

The political pendulum has swung back to our side: the Seminary at Sernache, once the only school for missions, was closed until recently when the new régime donated to this cause a large part of the cloister of Thomar. Hence in October, 1922, the Bishop re-opened the Seminary so as to win back the lost ground as quickly as possible.

Spain

The progress of religion and the mission spirit is manifested by the register at the Apostolic School in Urnieta, which now counts some sixty students, a number far greater than any hitherto enrolled.

Switzerland

The Benedictine home in Uznach continues to flourish for "Schwoyzer hut" happily remains of more value than Swiss money.

Italy

Monsignor Marchetti, former nuntio of Vienna, is now Secretary of the Propaganda succeeding Archbishop Fumasoni Biondo, who has been delegated to the United States.

A true and zealous missionary was Pope Pius XI. In the first year of his Pontificate he established three apostolic delegations, seven dioceses, seven prefectures, seven vicariates and one mission, at the same time sending invitations to all nations and religious orders to participate in an international mission exhibit to be held at the Vatican in 1925.

Germany

Under the directorship of Father Severin, an experienced African missionary, the medical school for missions at Wurzburg is showing excellent progress, and within a short time a young doctor will augment the staff.

Finland

Former administrator Father Michael J. Buckz has been consecrated bishop in Helsingford by Cardinal Rossum.

Austria

Mission meetings are being held at St. Gabriel and Bischofshofen under the auspices of the "Unio Cleri" of Vienna.

PROF. PETER KITLITSKO.

ON THE AGE OF MAN

DR. HIRAM BINGHAM, the celebrated American archaeologist, has written a new book (*Inca Land*). It is reviewed in the *London Times Literary Supplement*. One sentence in that review is pertinent to a discussion on the age of men: "Dr. Bingham eats a large piece of humble pie, with a good grace that does him infinite credit. He frankly acknowledges that the bones of his Cuzco men which were hailed by him as being some fifty thousand years old, if not older, may be as much as two hundred years old."

Another germane citation may not be irrelevant. In Washington, D. C., a hotel was constructed on Connecticut Avenue at De Sales Street. In digging out the foundations, some old tree trunks and stumps were brought up by the steam shovels. Some bricks, a bullet and some seeds were also unearthed. The local scientists were notified. After the data had been thoroughly examined a joint meeting of the scientists was held. Delegates from the Washington Biological Society, the Botanical Society, the Geological Society, the Carnegie Institute, and the Washington Academy of Science, assembled and declared that the unearthed relics dated from the Pleistocene age and were from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand years old. Mr. C. K. Wentworth, of the geological survey, was positive that the wood found was part of the remains of a forest that existed on an ancient swamp almost before time began. He had pictures made to prove it. Dr. Mann, of the Carnegie Institute, stated that an amazing specimen of diatomic life had been secured—diatoms heretofore found only in Africa and in Montgomery, Ala.

A member of the society of the oldest inhabitants of the district of Columbia, asserted that about seventy-five years ago when he was a boy he hunted duck and caught fish in the water that then covered the site of the new hotel; that a small creek then flowed through that part of Washington; that cypress trees like those found by the excavators could now be found within thirty miles of the city. That trees were shipped from Bladensburg, through a port before the Anacostia River became filled with silt, and that the boys'

old swimming hole where the creek was divided, and the swamp filled in, was used as a dump. What was now dug up was then flung in.

A tree expert from the Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture agreed with the oldest inhabitant that the stumps came from modern trees, and that if they dated back to the Pleistocene age the bullets and the bricks excavated with them must have been made by a mythical anthropoid ape! The exigency of the Darwinian theory for lengthy periods, wherein to consummate the slow, gradual, but gigantic development in the animal kingdom, explains partially the scientific mania for postulating millions of years when thousands would suffice.

History

The Bible does not tell us anything definite about the antiquity of man. It teaches us how to go to heaven, not how the heavens go. It is trite to observe that the sacred scriptures are not a scientific treatise. Chronological estimates anent the age of man have been made from biblical data; but the church has never spoken authoritatively on the subject. Hence until the church sees fit to decide, the antiquity of man based on biblical chronology, is an open question. The three oldest versions of the original Pentateuch—the Hebrew, the Samaritan, and the Septuagint—give respectively 4157, 4243 and 5438 years from the creation of Adam to the birth of our Lord. They give 1659, 1307 and 2242 A. M. as the date of the flood. For the call of Abraham they give 2136 and 1921 A. M.

Here we observe a seeming contradiction not only between the figures in the bible and the findings of science, but between the biblical figures of different authoritative versions.

In a true, if a wider sense, scientific facts are the word of God. Hence revelation can no more contradict them than God can contradict Himself. When sufficient data are discovered, apparent contradictions will vanish and harmony will be proved. A sound principle of biblical criticism that helps solve apparent discrepancies in data, is, that the intention of the sacred author in citing figures, is a factor most useful in explaining the meaning of the figures. We can be morally certain that Moses, for instance, in setting down the story of creation, did not ambition the aim of the exact chronicler or the scientific historian. He did not stop to gloss the inclusive if not ambiguous Hebrew word for day. He used it in the sense of an indefinite period. His intention was to stress the eternal fact that God made the world, and not to descant upon the etapes, the aeons of creation. He who aims at teaching too much teaches nothing.

So, too, with the genealogy of our divine Redeemer. There are apparent contradictions. Compare Gen. XI: 12-13 with Luke 3: 36. Arphaxad lived thirty-five years and begot Sail. Whereas St. Luke says: Sail, who was of Cainan, who was of Arphaxad. *Genuit* does not necessarily and does not always mean immediate generation. So too, *filius* and *soror* have to be rendered frequently in a wider than the classical sense.

One or more generations are frequently omitted in genealogical lists in the bible. In the seventh chapter of Esdras, and in Paralipomenon VI the genealogy of Esdras is given. But in Esdras VII as many as six consecutive names are omitted. In St. Matthew's genealogical descent of our Lord we read "Joram begot Ozias." Here we have to render *genuit* in the true but wider sense of mediate generation, because four generations intervened between Joram and Ozias. We find three series of fourteen names each on the genealogical list of St. Matthew; so too, in Gen. V and XI, we find ten antediluvian and ten post-diluvian generations. This systematic classification briefly aimed at in both cases sets down the true, but not the full line of ancestors. The descent of Noah from Adam is conclusively proved because explicitly revealed in the bible. But it is not therein proved what was the lapse of time that separated them. The ages of the patriarchs are stated with precision. Taking them at their full value they do not offer an adequate basis for an historical calculation. There are gaps to be filled. No one knows how many, or how wide. From this bird's-eye of scriptural chronology, nothing very definite or positive can be deduced as to the age of man. Even the wildest guesses of evolutionists do not conflict with revelation on this question, for the simple reason that God has not told us, when He crowned creation by creating man to His own image and likeness; to the image of God, He created him. Male and female, He created them. Gen. 1: 27.

Discrepancies in the different versions of the bible as to the facts of creation and the flood are relative trifles. They but emphasize the facts, confirming the existence of various documents then extant which crystallized the tradition among the nations. These documents were embodied in the sacred writings by "implicit citation" without affirming or denying their chronological authenticity. History, geology, archaeology help us clarify the meaning of dark biblical texts on the question of the advent of man. But in spite of modern discoveries in every department of science the problem remains without a satisfactory solution.

Archaeology

Moses was acquainted with all the learning of the Egyptians 3500 years ago. If there were any documentary evidence bearing on the

age of man in Egypt in his day he certainly would have known of it and utilized it. In 1897 the tomb of Menes, the reputed founder of the first Egyptian dynasty, was discovered; authorities disagree on the date of Menes' reign. Petrie claims 5510 B. C., Meyer 3315 B. C., and Breasted 3400 B. C.; what is certain is, that a rare artistic excellence obtained in Egypt in that remote age. Incised ivory, statuettes and other finely wrought objects of art, proclaim how far removed these people then were from barbarism. The artistic sense is not developed in a day.

Later excavations hit upon the remains of a pre-dynastic period, earlier by almost a thousand years. Considerable skill is shown in the manufacture of pottery and in the fashioning of flint into various implements. Sir John Evans, an English authority on archaic stone implements, claims that these pre-dynastic remains belong to the neolithic period; which according to him did not give place to the bronze period later than 5000 B. C.

The relics of Chaldean civilization dug up by archaeologists corroborate the Egyptian story of a cultured people flourishing long before the supposed biblical era of the first man. The ancient Chaldeans seemingly held more tenaciously to primitive revelation than did the Egyptians. We are all familiar with the Chaldean story of creation, differing only in detail from the biblical narrative. The Chaldean tablet describing the war between Michael and Lucifer is less familiar. It is kept in the British museum and translated by H. Fox Talbot, F.R.S., and runs thus:

"The god of holy songs, Lord of religion and worship, seated a thousand singers and musicians, and established a choral band, who to his hymns, were to respond in multitudes—with a loud cry of contempt, they broke up his holy song—spoiling, confusing, confounding his hymn of praise. The god of the bright crown with a wish to summon his adherents, sounded a trumpet blast which would wake the dead, which to these rebel angels prohibited return. He stopped their service and sent them to the gods who were his enemies. *In their room he created mankind.* The first who received life dwelt along with him. May he give them strength never to neglect his word, following the serpent's voice, whom his hands had made. And may the god of divine speech expel from his five thousand that wicked thousand who in the midst of his heavenly song, had shouted evil blasphemies." This document bespeaks an appreciation of things, higher than the artistic sense may claim. It is a clear ringing echo of primitive revelation. And while no precise calculation of the age of man can be based upon it, nevertheless it may be fairly deduced that the date of the writing of this tablet was not far re-

moved from the days when God walked and talked with Adam under the green trees of paradise. Corruption of God's message followed so quickly on the dispersion of the race, that the purity of that word argues relative proximity of time.

In the code of Hammurabi about 2600 B. C., we read in article 107, "If a merchant has wronged an agent and the agent has returned to his merchant whatever the merchant gave him, and the merchant has disputed with the agent as to what the agent gave him, that agent shall put the merchant to account before God, and witnesses, and the merchant because he disputed the agent, shall give to the agent whatever he has taken sixfold."

Seemingly there is more than natural justice here. It apparently harks back to a time not far removed from the flood.

"If a man has struck his father, his hands one shall cut off. If a man has caused the loss of a gentleman's eye, his (own) eye one shall cause to be lost. If a man has made the tooth of a man that is his equal to fall out, one shall make his tooth fall out. (Article 200.) This was written at least a thousand years before it was said: an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Thou shalt honor thy father and mother.

The nearer we get to the beginning the more clearly we can trace the laws of eternal justice.

Very informing traces of Sumerian civilization have been deciphered from the cylinder seals and clay tablets. They probably tell of a time 3500 B. C. Cuneiform writing was then the vogue. Even among the earliest inscriptions no pictorial forms have been discovered there. A stable intelligent government regulated commercial, economic and social relations in Babylonia of those far off days comparing favorably with modern states, and is superior to many in the things that make for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There is no available data whereon to base a rigorously precise date for the dawn of Babylonian history. For the present we must be content with a fair approximation. But we are not compelled to fall back upon guesses as wild and baseless as those referred to in the beginning of this paper. 3500 B. C. would be a fair, but perhaps too conservative a figure. The flood took place at least a thousand years before the settled colonization of Babylonia. Neither profane nor sacred history, reveal to us the number of years that man existed before the flood. History has its limitations. The history of pre-historic times involves a contradiction.

Geology

When history ceases, geology begins. The hieroglyphics graven on the rocks by the finger of time, if correctly deciphered, can tell

us more about the age of man than all the man-made histories. If it were a question of geological eras, the problem of the antiquity of man would be comparatively simple. But eras like aeons cannot easily be expressed in terms of years.

Geological time is divided into the Primary, Secondary, Tertiary and Quaternary or Post-Tertiary periods. No authoritative geologist today claims to have discovered any traces of man prior to the Quaternary, or glacial period.

Geologists sub-divided the glacial period into what may be called degrees of glaciation. Man's remains are found only in the fourth mild interval. It may be just as correct and less confusing to call it the past-glacial period.

All human remains of the post-glacial epoch are those of fully developed man of the modern type. Evolutionists aver that man in a lower stage of development must have previously existed. This *parti-pris* attitude is not geologically defensible. Flint flakes of Crayford and Erith do not sustain it. First it is not proved that they are of human workmanship, and then, the age of the rocks in which they were found is not determined.

It is comparatively easy to classify stratified rocks into geological epochs. But the crux comes when epochs are to be expressed in years. Of recent years efforts have been made to discover a geological clock—a timepiece, to time the formation of geological strata. Observation of processes that are shaping the modern world is the basis of this method of reducing epochs to years. The main difficulty is in determining the constancy, the uniformity in the process. To illustrate: in 1842, Sir Charles Lyell set down the scientific conclusion that the rate of erosion of Niagara Falls was one foot a year. That scientific *ipse dixit* was as fatuous as the recent decision of the Washington scientists anent the longevity of the debris found in the excavation there. The recent measurement in 1907 made at Niagara proves that the erosion at the falls has been at the rate of five feet a year for the past sixty-five years. At this rate the whole gorge down to Lewiston would have been eroded in seven thousand years. Assuming that the erosion began at about the end of the glacial epoch, and that man was created not long before or after that time we have an application of the geological clock expedient. In the process, however, we have an approximation to the truth and not a scientific conclusion. The great pluvial periods in which the river was swollen, have to be reckoned with; rocks of greater resistive power may have withstood the onset of the falls.

There is another difficulty. The glacial period varies with local variations. It was more prolonged in some places than in others.

For instance, from sediment deposits made by annual ice melting in its retreat from the south of Sweden to the present ice margin, Baron de Geer has calculated that it took 5000 years for the retreat of the ice from the terminal moraine, deposited in the Baltic provinces south of Sweden; and 7000 years since the retreat came to an end, making in all 17,000 years since the great ice sheet started to recede.

We have negative if illogical evidence on the geological records from Professor Wallace: "There is not, as is often assumed, one missing link to be discovered, but at least a score of such links, to fill adequately the gap between man and apes; and their non-discovery is now one of the strongest proofs of the imperfection of the geological record."

Syllogistically set down, the above would read: the scientific deduction that man is ape-bred is based on geological records; the records have not been discovered; therefore, the records are imperfect.

Branco, the director of the Geological and Paleontological Institute of the Berlin University, says that it is possible to trace the ancestry of most of our present mammals among the fossils of the Tertiary period, but man appears suddenly in the Quaternary period, and has no Tertiary ancestors—as far as we know. Human remains of the Tertiary period have not yet been discovered, and the traces of human activity which have been referred to that period are of a very doubtful nature. Man of the Diluvial epoch, however, appears at once as a complete homo sapiens. Paleontology tells us nothing of man's ancestors; it knows no ancestors of man.

The "Pithecanthropus erectus" supposed to be found near Trinil in Java by Dubois is convincing evidence barring three defects: it is not proved to be man, not man's forbear, not erect. The top of a skull, a tooth, and a thigh bone belonging to different animals, constitute the discovery.

The Heidelberg lower jaw? Here again doctors differ. Sir Bertram Windle says that the bony part of this jaw is more monkey-like than that of any human jaw so far examined and that the teeth are less monkey-like than that of some human examples of the present day. The Neanderthal skull belongs to a big-brained human, more intelligent, judging from brain capacity, than the average American. He belongs to the immortals, in this, that he and his people believed that his career was not rounded out on this sphere. In the earliest human graves discovered at Chapelle aux Saints, "accompanying

gifts" were found. These, as all men concede, are symbols spelling immortality. The Neanderthal skull belongs chronologically to the Quaternary period.

Philology

Man was never dumb. If he were he would never speak. When an isolated savage tribe develops the arts and refinements of civilization, the dumb will speak. The savage is teachable. Civilized man made him a savage and civilized man must win him back from savagery else he will never return. Adam was well educated. He had a great Master. The traditions of that culture were never completely lost; civilization never perished from the earth. God planted it. There were giants in those days, physical and mental giants. Deterioration if not degradation followed the dispersion. But the more favored tribes retained sufficient learning to inspire ambition. We have the two extremes of culture today. Van Loon in his fictitious history asserts that man's first language was a grunt.

Herbert Spencer, who was a scholar, says: "That human language ever consisted solely of exclamations, and so was strictly homogeneous, in respect of its parts of speech, we have no evidence." Whatever difficulties there may be about chronology in the Bible, there is none about the fact that the first man and woman were endowed with the gift of speech. It was used and very soon abused. That's about all we learn from the Bible on this question. Moses was not interested in philology when he was inditing the divine message to mankind. Neither is there up to date any conclusive interpretation of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel.

Oral speech changes as rapidly as the face of the heavens. The migratory instinct was always a divine force in the history of mankind. Speech varied with man's habitat. So that the linguistic argument, especially in the formative periods of human history where no literary traditions exercised a restraining influence on the birth of new dialects, is not very illuminating. But *littera scripta manet*. I attach the non-inclusive significance to scripta, extending it to the ideographic and pictorial symbols of thought. The aborigines of Australia, Africa, North America, as well as the cave dwellers of Southern France were given to the practice of depicting men and animals and events upon their cave walls. This was a form of writing, the earliest records of the art of self-expression. It was carried to a higher artistic degree in the mural paintings of the Egyptians and Assyrians. From mural paintings to picture writing there was a slow evolution. By abbreviations analogous to those still going on in our own written language the most frequently recurring of those pictured figures were successively simplified; and ultimately there

grew up a system of symbols, most of which had but remote likeness to the things for which they stood. The inference that the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians were thus produced is confirmed by the fact that the picture writings of the Mexicans were found to have given birth to a like family of ideographic forms. For the expression of proper names which could not be otherwise conveyed signs having phonetic values, were employed, while the Egyptians never achieved complete alphabetic writing it seems reasonable to believe that these phonetic symbols, occasionally used in aid of the ideographic ones, were the germs of an alphabetic system. Once separated from hieroglyphics, alphabetic writing itself underwent numerous differentiations—multiplied alphabets were produced, between most of which, however, more or less connection can still be traced. Here we have a series of steps with which to build a chronological ladder, at least, a point *d'appui* for some observation.

New scientific discoveries may throw more light on the age of man. Wild guesses of evolutionists only serve to make confusion worse confounded. Abbi Breuil and Professor Solas claim a period between 20,000 and 30,000 years for the age of man. Guibert is a little more conservative, assigning 18,000 years as the maximum. G. F. Wright sets down 10,000 years as the minimum, and 15,000 years as fully satisfying all the demands of archaeological and geological evidence.

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THE LITTLE "POOR MAN" OF ASSISI

PART I

THE hush of midnight lay over the Umbrian Hills. High in the heavens the moon of an Italian night was flooding mountain and valley with its radiance. Outlined against the darkness of the sky, the old city of Assisi, perched on a mountain crag, gleamed white and unreal like some phantom city which at dawn would vanish from sight.

Shrouded in stillness, silent as the dead, Assisi slept in the moonlight. Suddenly the midnight calm was broken, and out upon the startled air rang a riot of merry laughter with which mingled the notes of a rich tenor voice singing some gay chanson of the troubadours to the accompaniment of a lute. Waking the echoes as they went, a band of youthful revellers, laughing, singing, playing, paraded the streets but just now silent, deserted as the grave. Some of the staid burghers of the city rudely awakened from their slumbers started nervously for those were turbulent times when a peaceful citizen might be aroused from his sleep, any night by the clash of arms and the terrors of a midnight attack. But tonight, quickly reassured as to the nature of the disturbance, the good citizens lay back on their pillows anathematizing angrily, though somewhat sleepily, these youthful disturbers of grave, respectable men's repose. More than one said to himself as he composed himself once more to sleep: "Those young scamps again; 'tis scandalous. And Ser Pietro's son, of course, at the head of them. Well, well, he'll be sorry one day for the way he spoils that son of his, letting him run the streets at night playing and singing as if he were a young nobleman." But all unheeding and reckless of their guilt in thus disturbing the slumbers of staid and worthy citizens the merry band passed in the heedless way of giddy, light-hearted youth.

The one the angry burgher predicted would bring sorrow to his father's heart, was the eldest son of, perhaps, the richest of them all. Truly, if exuberant and almost boisterous spirits, a laughter-loving, joyous, extravagantly generous nature, were indicative of future trouble, then the angry citizen's prediction was certain of fulfillment. Of all the band of madcaps he was the chosen leader.

His father, Ser Pietro, or to give him his full name, Ser Pietro di Bernadone, was a great cloth merchant, one of the richest, or as we have said, perhaps the richest, of the merchants in the ancient city of Assisi. For even in those far-off days the "Pearl" of Umbrian cities was venerable with the halo of antiquity. In some of the classic authors it is mentioned under the name of Aisision as the birthplace of a Latin poet who was born in the year 46 B. C.

The family of the Bernadone originally belonged to Lucca where they were famous as weavers and merchants. Pietro's father settled in Assisi where he speedily made the name equally renowned, and his son, Pietro, upheld the honour of the family so well that, as we have seen, he was looked up to as one of the greatest men of the place.

The wide ramifications of his business often obliged Pietro di Bernadone to undertake long journeys to distant parts. Whilst on one of these business trips in Provence he made the acquaintance of a girl of noble family. Pietro, possessed of great wealth and of high civic standing in the proud city of Assisi, had no hesitation in paying his court to the noble maiden. Fortune favours the brave. His suit was successful and he took back to his home in the grey old city of Assisi his fair Provençal bride. Contemporary evidence tells us that the Lady Pica, the mother of St. Francis, was a woman of deep and fervent piety and possessed at the same time of rare wisdom and discernment.

The family of Pietro and Pica de Bernadone consisted of two sons, Francis and Angelo, Francis being the elder.

There is a tradition to the effect that before Francis was born his mother was so ill as almost to be brought to death's door. Whilst she was in this state of suffering a pilgrim knocked at the door of the Bernadone dwelling, and to those who opened the door he said that the Lady Pica would know no relief until she left her luxuriously furnished bedroom and, going to the stable, lay upon the straw in one of the stalls. Scarcely had Pica obeyed the stranger's instructions than her son was born. And so the future Apostle of Poverty, like his Divine Master, drew his first breath in a manger and was cradled upon straw. It was said that the stable was afterwards converted into a chapel. This chapel still exists in Assisi and is known by the name of the Chapel of St. Francesco il Piccolo (St. Francis the Little). Over the door is the following inscription:

"Hoc oratorium fuit bovis et asini stabulum
In quo natus est Franciscus mundi speculum."

"This oratory was the stable of ox and ass in which Francis, the mirror of the world, was born."

The chapel stands near the house which is pointed out as having been the home of the Bernadone family. The opinion has been advanced that it may have formed part of the original house from which the family removed whilst St. Francis was still a child.

On the 26th of September, 1182, the first-born of Pietro Bernadone was baptized in the neighbouring Cathedral of San Rufino, erected in the middle of the twelfth century in honour of St. Rufinus, Apostle of Assisi, who was martyred about the year 303. The font at which our saint received the regenerating water of baptism is still to be seen in the Cathedral Church of San Rufino, over it being inscribed the following words: "This is the font where the Seraphic Father, St. Francis, was baptized."

Once more tradition tells us that the stranger who had advised Pica's removal to the stable appeared in the church at the new-born infant's baptism and held him at the font. A stone on which are seen marks which seem to many to resemble footprints is still shown in the Cathedral as that on which the stranger—thought to have been an angel in disguise—stood during the sacred ceremony.

Yet another tradition in connection with the Saint's baptism has come down to us. After the ceremony was over another stranger presented himself at Ser Pietro's house and requested to be allowed to see the infant. The servant who opened the door naturally refused to be the bearer of such a strange request. But the stranger declared he would not leave until his wish was gratified. Pietro himself was absent from home at the time, and so Pica was informed of what had happened. Much to the surprise of the household she gave orders that the child should be shown to the stranger who took it into his arms and said, "Today there have been born in this street two children; one of them, namely, this very child, shall be one of the best men in the world but the other shall be one of the worst." Tradition adds that the prediction was verified in both instances and also that the stranger then made the sign of the cross on the right shoulder of the newly baptized, telling the nurse to take great care of the child as the devil would strive to take its life. Having said this, the mysterious stranger disappeared, nor was he ever seen again.

The Lady Pica, we are told, cherished a great devotion to the beloved disciple and so gave the name of John to her son. Pietro, who was away from home at the time, on his return, added the name of Francis by which he insisted that the boy should be called. At that time, Francis was rather an unusual name amongst Italians,

and many conjectures have been hazarded as to Ser Pietro's reason for changing his son's name. Some have seen in his action a protest against his wife, as a woman, assuming the right to give the child his name. But the general opinion is that Pietro, who was an ardent lover of the French, wished that his son, "in memory of the fair land of France, should bear the name of Francis so intimately associated with French history." He hoped and desired that his son would resemble the French both in his nature and in his conduct. One writer thinks that by the changing of his son's name he wished to express the sentiment: "I wish no camel's hair John the Baptist but a Frenchman with a fine nature."

Beyond the fact that he was trained from infancy in the ways of virtue by his pious mother and that he was quick and intelligent, we know little of Francis' childhood. When the time came his education was entrusted to the care of priests of the parish. We are told that he made rapid progress in his studies and quickly acquired a knowledge of Latin and French, the latter language being held in high esteem in Italy. Some tell us that the Saint never succeeded in learning to speak French well. Francis himself, in after years, always spoke of his great ignorance of all worldly learning but it may have been his great humility which led him to speak in this manner.

At the age of fourteen, in accordance with a custom still existing in Italy, Pietro took his son into partnership, and Francis assisted his father in all his business transactions. It comes on us as a surprise to learn that he proved himself a shrewd, capable man of business, even more gifted in this respect than his father. One most necessary qualification for his calling alone was wanting to him; he knew absolutely nothing of economy, rather was he lavishly prodigal, even wasteful.

Would we know something of how it is that we find this son of the great merchant who thus showed himself endowed with the soundest business qualifications, the acknowledged leader, when barely twenty, of a band of reckless, pleasure-loving, adventurous spirits, himself the most adventurous, most pleasure-loving of all?

This paradox may be traced to two causes: First, we look to his environment, to the spirit of the age in which he lived. Those were the days of knighthood, of chivalry. Romance was in the very air that Francis breathed. To be a knight was youth's highest ideal. The most renowned troubadours of France wandered from city to city, singing their songs of love, of knightly chivalry and deeds of high emprise. Can we wonder that young hearts beat quicker and young blood grew hotter and coursed more rapidly through young veins wherever these minstrels sang their lays? Nothing was talked

of amongst the youth of the time but the magnificent tournaments and tilting matches by which the proud Republics of Milan and Florence sought to outvie each other. Can we wonder that Pietro's young son should be carried away by this resistless tide? "He was not like his father—only the saving and easily-contented Italian—to whom it was enough to accumulate money. There flowed through his veins, also, the sparking blood of Provence—he must have enjoyment by means of his money; he wanted to change gold into splendour and joy." Thus it was that Francis, the son of the richest man in Assisi, became the leader of all the wealthy, high-spirited youths in the place, "became what in our day would be called the leading society man of the town. He was skilled in earning money but very frivolous in giving it away again. No wonder that he soon gathered a circle of friends about him"—not only the youths of his native city, but even from distant places. Romance, chivalry, was in Francis' blood; he was an artist, a poet, a troubadour, the beau ideal of a true knight by nature. He loved music and song. Nature in her every varying mood appealed to him. He loved light and brightness, gaiety and all that was beautiful. He shrank instinctively from gloom, sadness, sickness, everything that was ugly or deformed.

But with all this love of life, its pleasures, its enjoyments, Francis' soul was as pure as the snows on the highest peaks of the Apennines. Grossness in any form revolted him, and he shrank like a sensitive plant, touched by rude hands, from a coarse word, a coarse jest. Never was his fair fame sullied by the faintest breath of scandal. He was refined, dainty even, in food, in dress, in manners, in speech, and his exterior refinement faintly shadowed forth the spotless, delicate purity of his heart and mind. His young companions who lived in closest intimacy with him bore testimony to his horror of anything that savoured of coarseness. He was romantic, an artist to his fingertips; he was ambitious for this world's fame and glory; he would be a soldier, and the world should ring with his knightly deeds, but his shield should be ever spotless.

When we read of the gay doings of the wild youths of Assisi with Francis at their head, we must bear in mind that their fun and frolics never degenerated into brawling or riotousness, as too easily happened with the wilder, rougher youth of Northern lands. Italian sobriety, Italian politeness reigned over all their festive gatherings. These young men ate well, dressed well, kept joyous festival together, laughed, jested and paraded the city, as we have seen, at night, singing and playing their guitars in imitation of the troubadours. Francis, especially, was so enamoured with the sweet singers from Provence that he had a suit such as minstrels wore made for himself

and in which he always appeared at the festive gatherings of his friends.

It seems strange that Pietro, the prudent, parsimonious man of business, made no attempt to check his son's extravagance. Sometimes, indeed, he would say to him: "Anyone would imagine you were a nobleman's son and not the son of a simple merchant." The truth is, it flattered the old burgher's pride that his son should have these princely ways, should be "like a nobleman's son." The cloth merchant had his ambitions. He looked forward to his son one day attaining to high place in the civic council. He might even become Chief Magistrate of the city. Besides, hard, avaricious man as Pietro was, he dearly loved this light-hearted, brilliant boy of his who was such a favorite with everyone, and so he shrank from employing harsh measures to check his extravagance. Pica, too, looked on and was silent. She seemed to have no fear for the future of the son who was as the apple of her eye.

Occasionally, when sympathetic neighbors, such are to be found everywhere, condoled with her on her boy's wildness, she would smile and answer: "I will tell you how this son of mine will turn out; he will become a son of God." Beneath all the gaiety, the love of pleasure, the extravagance, her maternal instinct divined the real nobility of Francis' character.

To the mother who so keenly observed all her boy's ways, two traits in his disposition afforded grounds for her hopes. First and foremost, his delicate purity of mind. A companion had but to utter an unseemly word, and instantly the gay, laughing Francis grew stern, severe, silent; his whole nature seemed changed. Next, he was generous, unselfish, and he remembered the wants of the poor. As his father's partner, he had control of large sums of money, and it is said of him that he spent this money like water, yet not wholly on his own pleasure. He lent freely to such friends as needed assistance, and he was prodigal in his almsgiving as in all else.

It is related of him that once, being in a great hurry, he refused an alms to a beggar at his father's door. Instantly his kind heart was filled with regret. "If this man had come from one of my friends," he said to himself, "from Count this or Baron that, he would have got what he asked for. Now he comes from the King of Kings and from the Lord of Lords, and I let him go away empty-handed. I even gave him a repelling word." And he resolved from that day forth to give to all who asked for charity in the name of God. In Assisi, in Francis' youth, there lived a poor half-witted man who roamed the streets, dependent for a daily crust on the charity of his fellowmen. Francis was kind to this poor creature, how kind

we may guess from the fact that the imbecile every time he met his benefactor took off his cloak, spread it on the ground and requested the young man to walk upon it.

We have already touched upon Francis' love of nature, a sentiment rarer in those days than now. The ancient Greeks were filled with this sentiment, and they gave expression to it by deifying nature's various attributes, but since those remote times the feeling had declined amongst men. It was in Provence that it first began to revive, and thus it is said that Francis owed its full development in himself to his Provençal mother.

"The beauty of the country, the charm of the vineyards, all that was pleasing to the eye," says Thomas of Celano, his disciple and friend, brought gladness to his heart. Sunrise and sunset, moonlight, the young buds and fresh green of early Spring, Summer's wealth of many-hued flowers, the rich fruits of golden Autumn, the austere silence and solitude of the mountain heights, their changing lights and shadows—each and all were a delight to the artist soul of Francis. And he retained this sentiment to the last hour of his life, but purified, freed from earthly alloy. This love of nature was part of Francis himself, but it was refined in God's crucible until from Nature he rose to Nature's God. "As all good which is to grow, so must this side of his nature be pruned down even to the very roots—but only to bear a still richer crown." For, as a German mystic has said: "No one has 'true love of created things unless he has first forsaken it for love of God, so that it has been dead for him and he for it.'"

A delightful pen portrait of our saint in early youth has been given us by that Thomas of Celano who was afterwards the saint's disciple and trusted confidant.

Francis, it would seem, was small, rather undersized, but well formed. "He was thin and of a delicate constitution. He had an oval face, broad brow, white, close-set teeth; dark complexion, black hair, regular features, expressive countenance, rosy lips and a charming smile. His beautiful black eyes were full of brilliancy, mildness and modesty."

When we add to these personal attractions his charming manner, his profuse generosity, his kindness and his lavish use of his wealth, can we wonder that this delightful boy was called the flower of the youth of Assisi?

Francis was born and grew up in very stormy times. Proud republics continually waged war upon one another, striving for supremacy. The fortified cities of Umbria, grown insolent in their pride of wealth, refused to acknowledge any sovereign, and kept

themselves in a state of continuous preparation for war, ready to defend themselves at a moment's notice from attack, or, it may be, for equally rapid assault upon some neighboring city which had provoked jealousy by its prosperity. It was at this period that the inhabitants of Assisi surrounded their city with those walls and towers which yet remain a testimony to its former greatness.

Francis at this time was about seventeen years of age. Pleasure lover as he was, his thoughts went far beyond his diversions and his feasts. He was filled with romance, as we know, and deeply versed in all the stories of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Like them, he longed to go forth and do great deeds, always in some noble cause. Quite what he wanted was not clear to himself. One thing alone was certain, his name should ring through the world as the bravest, the best of knights; he should be crowned with the laurel wreaths of undying fame. His father, good man, dreamed of civic honors and dignities for him, little suspecting how far beyond such petty renown his son's aspirations had soared.

As might be expected in such warlike times, an opportunity was not long wanting to Francis and his noble associates to try their warrior mettle.

Perugia, the most powerful city in Umbria, attacked Assisi with the intention of reducing the latter to subjection. A battle was fought on the plain between the two cities. The Perugians were victorious, taking prisoners a number of those who had fought for Assisi, amongst them Francis. We are told that, owing to his distinguished appearance, he was not thrown into the common prison, but was allowed to share the more honorable captivity of the young Assisian nobles who had been amongst those who had been taken prisoners.

Francis' imprisonment lasted one year. In November, 1203, a treaty of peace between the two cities was signed, and the captives were released. It is recorded that during the whole time of his imprisonment Francis' cheerfulness and good humor never failed. He laughed, jested and sang, just as in the old days of Assisi. Sometimes his high spirits angered his fellow-prisoners, and they chided him in no gentle terms. He would answer: "Do you not know that a great future awaits me, and that all the world shall then fall down and pray to me?"

It is a strange fact that throughout all his early days St. Francis seems to have been possessed of the unalterable conviction that he was destined for great things. Truly he was destined for a brilliant future, but in a far different sense to what his glowing imagination pictured.

On his return home the young man resumed his former life, entering with greater zeal than ever into the old pleasures and gaieties. Possibly his taste for the good things of life had been sharpened by his prison experiences. The days went by in a continual whirl of gaiety, until at length, when in his twenty-third year, Francis was stricken by so severe an illness that all his hopes and dreams were very nearly brought, with life itself, to an abrupt conclusion. And it was now, as he lay on his bed of sickness, that, for the first time, there came to him thoughts of another kind of life to that which he had pictured hitherto. In a vague way, dimly, it was borne in on him that this life might possibly hold something better than the being a paladin of chivalry. But all this came to him like something heard in a dream, the meaning of which was as yet incomprehensible. The first real sense of disillusion, the feeling that the things that he had hitherto loved were not what they seemed, came to him on the first day he was able to leave the house. He was pining for a sight of that Nature so dear to him, and, leaving the city, directed his steps towards the country. He paused and gazed on the scene before him—the fertile valley adorned in all the beauty of summer leaf and blossom; the majestic Apennines, seen through a golden haze like the portals of Paradise, the river winding like a silver ribbon through the valley. All that had once thrilled him with delight now left him cold and unmoved. The soft west wind gently fanned his brow; the sweet song of the birds fell upon his ear, but the charm had gone out of everything, and, sad and sick at heart, Francis turned his steps homeward, feeling that the joy of life had turned to dust and ashes. "The beauty of the fields, the delight of the vineyards and all that is fair to the eye could in no way gladden him," says his friend and biographer, Thomas of Celano. "Wherefore he was amazed at the change that had come upon him, and thought them most foolish who could love these things."

But as the days went by, with returning health and strength, Francis' spirits grew brighter. He began to long for action. He felt a distaste for the gaieties, the frivolities of his old life. He was a man now, and would fare forth into the world and play his part therein.

He had not long to wait his opportunity. A great struggle was going on at that time between Pope Innocent III and the Emperor Frederick II of Germany. Duke Walter of Brienne had espoused the Pope's cause, and all the best and noblest in Italy flocked to his standard. Amongst others, a nobleman of Assisi was preparing to join de Brienne with a small band of adherents.

The news filled Francis with feverish excitement. Here was the

opportunity of his life. At last his aspirations were to find fulfillment. He would join the nobleman's troop, and the Duke Walter should knight him. Afterwards—well, the world should hear of him. Francis instantly set about preparing for the expedition. He was wild with joy, and dreamed the most enchanting dreams. His friends, seeing him in such high good humor, inquired the cause. The young man's cheek flushed and his brilliant eyes glowed like lamps as he answered: "I know now that I am going to be a great prince."

Nothing could exceed the splendor of his equipment. His father, fired with his son's ambition, was determined that his appointments should excel all others in splendour. And so we read that none of the nobles were as magnificently equipped. In this connection a story, eminently characteristic of him, is told. A couple of days before that fixed for his departure Francis, flushed with delight in the possession of his gorgeous military equipment, chanced to meet with a poor nobleman who also had joined the expedition. His shabby attire denoted his fallen estate. Instantly the old spirit of prodigal, quixotic generosity woke within Francis. It were a shame, he argued within himself, that one so nobly born should be so meanly clad. And straightway he made over his splendid mantle and tunic and all his gorgeous outfit to the poor noble. That night the saint had a dream. It seemed to him that he stood in his father's shop, but that, instead of the rolls of cloth with which it was usually filled, he saw everywhere nothing but shields, spears and armour, all shining resplendently and marked with the sign of the Cross. Whilst he wondered for whom these were intended, he heard a voice saying: "All this is intended for thee and thy soldiers."

Francis regarded this dream as a happy omen, and so, in great good humor, he rode out of Assisi one sunny morning with the rest of the band, their destination being Apulia. Spoleto was reached that evening, and here a halt was made for the night. Francis, wearied out, had nearly fallen asleep when once more he heard the mysterious voice. Rousing himself, he listened intently.

"Where are you going?" asked the voice.

"To Apulia to be a knight," was Francis' ready answer.

"Tell me, Francis," went on the voice, "which is it better to serve, the Lord or the vassal?"

Filled with wonder, Francis replied: "The Lord."

"Then why do you desert the Lord," was the rejoinder, "for the servant and the Prince for the vassal?"

Then, we are told, the young man recognized the voice of God, and cried out: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

"Return to your home," was the answer. "There it will be told to thee what thou art to do. For the vision thou hast seen must be understood in another way."

There was no more sleep that night for Francis. He lay awake until morning pondering over the words he had heard. The same thoughts which had agitated him during his illness returned now, but no longer vague or incomprehensible. They were clear, distinct, and Francis understood them perfectly.

When morning dawned the youth mounted his horse and in all his splendid martial attire rode back to Assisi.

His dreams of knightly fame and glory were now over for Francis, his plans shattered. The glamor had vanished from all the prospects which but yesterday were so fair and alluring. He had no plans now; no dreams of future greatness. And yet, we are told, he felt no sadness, nay, was happy. He knew that God would show him the way He would have him follow.

Nothing is recorded of how he was received by his parents or his friends on his return. But we may well imagine that there was much surprise, much speculation as to what had caused the sudden change in his plans, and Francis would have to stand not a little chaffing.

It is highly probable, too, that Ser Pietro was very wroth at what he would regard as one more freak of his volatile son. Indeed, one cannot help feeling a little sympathy for the proud old man who had indulged in such fond hopes and had spent his money so lavishly in giving this provoking young man an equipment which would have befitted the son of the highest noble in the land, to no end save to cause a nine days' wonder in Assisi when Francis returned the day after he had set out without any excuse for such seeming caprice.

But surprise and anger and conjecture died out as they always do. Francis resumed his usual life as if nothing had happened. He entertained his friends with the same profuse hospitality. Once more he became the center of all fun and gaiety in the city; again he was the leader of fun and frolic. But, although he did all this, his heart was not in it as in the olden days. He grew silent and abstracted. Often in the midst of some festive gathering he would fall into a fit of deep musing, from which he was roused with difficulty. There was but one solution, his friends declared, to this enigma—Francis was in love.

It chanced one evening that after dinner the young man and his friends went singing through the streets, as usual, but very soon Francis dropped behind. When he was missed, one of his friends went back in search of him and found him in a small, quiet street standing motionless in the moonlight, utterly unconscious of earthly

sights and sounds. His heart was inundated with such heavenly sweetness that he knew not how long he had stood thus, and only when his friend called him did he come to himself. He said afterwards that if he had been torn limb from limb he would not have felt it, so completely had he lost consciousness of himself.

"Why, Francis," cried his friend, "are you in love? Have you found a maiden of such peerless beauty that you must be always thinking of her charms?"

"Yes," answered Francis, "in truth, I am thinking of taking a wife more noble and richer than any ye have ever seen."

At this his companions, who had gathered round him, burst into rude, incredulous laughter. But Francis was in earnest. He was about to enter on a new way of life, which would be to him a bride, and the name of the peerless maiden was the Lady Poverty.

From that time forth Francis grew more and more silent and abstracted. He beheld more clearly than ever the vanity, the worthlessness of his past life, and he mourned bitterly over the wasted years and over his sins, as he, in his humility, termed his youthful levity and extravagance. He now withdrew altogether from the society of his friends, and loved to steal out of the city to pray in lonely places. "He now kept hiding in hermit caves, and now piously built up ruined churches." There was a cave in a cliff some distance from the city whither Francis loved to go, and where he often remained for hours in secret prayer. He sought out the poor and entertained them in the place of those friends upon whom he had formerly lavished such profuse hospitality. If he were asked for alms in the street, he would give all the money he had with him. If he had nothing else, he would give away his mantle, his hat, and even his tunic. He also spent much money in supplying poor churches with all that was necessary for the service of the altar. From the time of his conversion an intense zeal for the glory of God's House became one of the saint's most marked characteristics.

Slowly, but surely, a settled resolve was taking possession of Francis. He must renounce wealth, kindred, comfort and go forth from his father's house and beg his bread as the poorest outcast. For a long time the saint hesitated to obey this mysterious call. He was perplexed, disturbed, and, with the object of gaining light and strength, he made a pilgrimage to Rome. It is recorded of him that while in the Eternal City he laid aside his rich garments and, bribing a beggar to lend him his rags, for one whole day he stood outside St. Peter's and asked for alms, in all outward seeming a veritable beggar.

During the greater part of this time Ser Pietro was absent on one of those long journeys which he was accustomed to take at stated periods. Francis was thus able to follow his inclinations undisturbed. His mother's sympathy and toleration he was always certain of.

But the saint had yet to gain the final victory over himself. We know already that an intense dislike to all forms of disease or deformity was deeply rooted in his heart. He shrank from decrepitude, blear-eyed, toothless age; he shuddered at the sight of the maimed, the disfigured. But, above all, he dreaded contact with the lepers. It so happened that one morning after his return from Rome, as he rode outside the city, a leper stood in his path. Francis reined in his horse, and for a moment a strong desire seized him to turn and ride away as quickly as possible. But he overcame the temptation. Now was the time to show his love for his crucified Lord by trampling on self. He dismounted, went up to the sufferer, and as he placed his alms in the outstretched hand he kissed the wasted fingers. We are told that he went back to the city like one in a dream, scarce knowing what he did or where he went, so filled with heavenly sweetness was his soul.

The next morning he went of his own accord to the leper hospital, some distance from Assisi. He knocked at the gate and was admitted. Instantly, from all sides, the lepers, in every stage of their loathsome disease, crowded round him, beseeching alms. The soul of Francis sickened within him. He reeled and almost staggered. But with one supreme effort he recovered himself, and as he bestowed his alms he kissed each hand stretched out to him. He had conquered self and routed it from its last entrenchment.

From henceforth Francis regarded the lepers as his special care. He constantly visited them and gave them generous alms.

A little outside the city of Assisi stands the old church of San Damiano, on the slope of the hill overlooking the Via Francesca. Seven centuries ago, when Francis was young, San Damiano was a small, dilapidated chapel, of which so many are still to be seen in Italy. Its only adornment was a large crucifix over the poor, dusty altar. This was one of the saint's favorite places of prayer. One day, as was his wont, he knelt before the crucifix rapt in contemplation of his Divine Master's sufferings. He prayed with the deepest fervour of his soul for guidance and enlightenment that he might do the will of his crucified Lord. Then he heard a voice speaking from the crucifix. "Go hence, Francis," said this voice, "and build up my house, for it is nearly falling down." Francis bowed his head in ready obedience. With joyful heart he cried out: "Lord, with joy I will do what Thou wishest."

Never slow to act, less so now than ever, the saint sought out the priest, who was an aged man, giving him a sum of money to buy oil and keep a lamp burning always before the crucifix, telling him to apply to him when he wanted more money. Francis then hurried home, took several rolls of cloth, with which he loaded a pack-horse, and rode off to the town of Foligno, two miles distant, where he sold both horse and cloth for a considerable sum. Without delay he returned to San Damiano, and giving the money to the priest, he told him to employ it in restoring the chapel, at the same time begging to be allowed to remain at San Damiano, as his father's house was no longer a suitable abode for him.

But the priest refused to accept this second and larger gift. He may have had doubts as to the right of Francis to give the money, and very possibly he feared Ser Pietro's anger. Be this as it may, he would listen to no argument on the point. Francis was welcome to stay with him, but he would have none of the money. Not being able to prevail with the old man, Francis threw the money on the sill of one of the chapel windows and left it there. He did not return to Assisi, but took up his abode at San Damiano.

PART III

Meanwhile his father had returned home, and was surprised to find Francis absent. A few days passed, and then the old man grew alarmed. He made inquiries, and soon learned the truth. His son had turned hermit, and was living in a cave at San Damiano. All this was he told, nor was the selling of the cloth and the horse withheld from him. Ser Pietro flew into a violent rage. Never was a man so persecuted with a willful son, but this last escapade was the worst of all. Francis must be crazy. He called upon a few friends to accompany him and set out for San Damiano, intending to compel Francis to return home. But the young man had been warned of his father's coming, and so when Pietro reached San Damiano the bird had flown, no one knew where.

Poor Francis! Who can blame him for avoiding a meeting with his angry father. Those were the early days of his conversion, and he was still diffident of his own strength. Besides, Italians dread a parent's anger. There is nothing they fear so much as a father's curse.

The priest gave the furious father the money, which still remained on the window sill where Francis had thrown it, and, somewhat mollified, the cloth merchant went back to Assisi.

Francis had fled to a cave which he knew of, where he remained for a whole month in darkness and solitude, but in constant communion with God. Food was brought to him in secret, most likely in connivance with his mother. At the end of the month he came to the conclusion that he was acting a coward's part in thus remaining hidden. He would no longer shirk the meeting with his father, but would go forth valiantly, as befitted a knight of the Cross. And so he appeared once more in Assisi.

It was with difficulty that the citizens recognized in the gaunt, hollow-eyed form which appeared in their midst the richly-dressed man of fashion of former days. They looked upon Francis as a madman, and, with the proverbial fickleness of the masses, they jeered and even threw mud at him whom they once called "the flower" of the youth of Assisi.

It was an April morning, 1207. Ser Pietro was busy in his shop when the sound of a great disturbance in the streets reached him—voices screaming, laughing, rude cries, shouts. Nearer and nearer came the noises, until at last Pietro sent one of his assistants to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. He came back with the information that the boys of the city were chasing a crazy man. Then, as the crowd drew near, Pietro went to the door, and there he saw who the crazy man was, his Francis, his first born, for whom he had dreamed such great things and for whom he had nourished such bright hopes. There he came home now, at last, in a disgraceful company, pale and emaciated to the eye, with disheveled hair and dark rings under his eyes, bleeding from the stones thrown at him, covered with the dirt of the street. This was Francis, the pride of his eyes, the support of his age, the joy of his life and his comfort. It had all come to this. To this had all his crazy, cursed ideas brought him.

The old man's heart was well-nigh bursting with pain and shame and sorrow. To add to his misery, the crowd halted before his door and, grinning and jeering when they saw Pietro, called out: "Look, Ser Pietro, see here is your fine son, your proud knight. See, he has come back from the war, and has won his princess and half the kingdom."

Flesh and blood could stand no more. With a roar like an angry lion, Bernadone bounded into the midst of the crowd, striking to the right and to the left. He seemed as if endowed with the strength of ten men, and the mob fled before him, terrified. He seized his son and bore him in his arms back to the house, still in his fit of rage; and carrying him to an underground cellar, flung him on the ground, more dead than alive. Then, locking the door, he went away, leaving

Francis in the cold, damp darkness. He gave orders that his son was to get nothing but bread and water, and for several days he saw that his commands were strictly carried out. He remembered how, in the olden times, Francis had loved dainty fare, and he hoped by this prison diet to bring him to reason. But Francis had changed to an extent beyond his father's power to realize. Dainty dishes had lost their flavor for him, and thus his father's harshness availed nothing. His mother's heart ached for her boy. She was glad that he had given up his frivolous, useless life and was now what she herself had predicted long ago he would become, "a son of God." But, at the same time, she sympathized with the father, so sorely disappointed in his dearest hopes. Pietro had gone away for a few days, and in his absence she tried all a mother's persuasions to induce Francis to yield even a little. Without returning to the old, useless life, he could modify somewhat his austerities and consent to live once more under his father's roof. Finding her tears and prayers of no avail, Pica unlocked her son's prison and set him free.

The first use Francis made of his liberty was to return to San Damiano. Finding him gone, Pietro, when he came home, flew into a fury and cursed his son, but made no attempt to follow him. He now determined to disinherit this rebellious son, and sought the aid of the law to wring from Francis a formal renunciation of all his rights as eldest son. Now, Francis, as "a man vowed to religion," was no longer subject to the civic authorities; an ecclesiastical tribunal alone could decide in his case. The matter therefore was referred to Guido, Bishop of Assisi. The Bishop, who ever proved himself a devoted friend to Francis, on this occasion advised the saint to give up his inheritance. He told him to have no fear for the future; that God would provide for all his wants. Francis, who loved the Bishop as a father, only too gladly acted upon advice so wholly in accord with his own sentiments. Not only his inheritance would he renounce, but the very clothes he wore should be returned to his father. Accordingly he divested himself of his rich raiment, reserving nothing but the hair shirt which he wore beneath his fine garments, and, wrapped in a farm laborer's cloak, given to him in charity, and upon which he chalked the sign of the Cross, he returned to San Damiano, rejoicing in his heart that now indeed he might call himself with truth a follower of Him Who had not where to lay His head.

We are told that Francis ever regarded that day, when in the Bishop's court he renounced all earthly possession, as his marriage day, for then it was that he wedded the bride of his dreams, the Lady Poverty.

The old priest of San Damiano gladly accorded the saint food and shelter, and now he set himself to the task of repairing the half-ruined chapel. "Go and repair My church" the voice from the crucifix had said.

"Go and repair My church." One day the saint will understand these words in their real sense. Then he will know that it is the church of living souls which he is to help to restore to all its strength and beauty. But just then he took the command literally; he was to rebuild the tottering little church of San Damiano. But how was this to be done now, when he no longer owned even a roof to shelter him? In a flash it came to the saint how he was to accomplish the task which he felt was allotted to him by his Divine Master. And thus it was that when Francis next appeared in his native city it was in the guise of a beggar. Garbed in a long brown tunic, such as the peasants wore, with a hood drawn over his head, a rope tied round his waist, and with bare feet, he went through the streets of Assisi, those streets which he had paraded in other days dressed in splendid attire singing gay songs. At every door he begged an alms for God's Church. Some jeered at him, laughed in his face, but others gave liberally. He begged for stone, bricks, mortar, lime and also oil for the sanctuary. Laden with offerings, he went back to San Damiano and, helped by the peasants, he labored at the rebuilding of the little chapel.

The old priest looked on in wonder. He pitied the youth who had been so tenderly nurtured, who was so slight and delicate of frame, and who was so often weary and exhausted at the close of his day's toil. He prepared dainty little repasts for his guest, and ministered to him with kindly solicitude. But one day there came to Francis the thought that by accepting such delicate fare he was untrue to the fealty which he had sworn to his Lady Poverty. What had he, a follower of the Crucified One, to do with the ease and softness of life? Besides, the saint knew his natural liking for things dainty and refined, and so he was afraid. From that time forth Francis begged his daily bread. Bowl in hand, day after day he knocked at every door in Assisi and asked for the scraps and leavings from men's tables. It is recorded of him that one day, looking at the bowl, in which soup, bones, bits of meat, salad were all mixed together, his delicate stomach rebelled at the meal thus set before it, and he was seized with nausea. But, as when he first visited the leper hospital, so now, with a strong effort the saint conquered self and ate the unappetizing mess. And, as on that former occasion, his soul was now flooded with spiritual sweetness and the beggar's scraps were to him as a heavenly banquet.

Meanwhile, who can tell the rage, burning like fire, the bitterness which filled Pietro Bernadone's heart and soul? His idolized son, who had once lorded it in Assisi, a very prince in the grandeur of his ways, the son on whom he had built such magnificent hopes, a beggar asking for scraps of broken victuals at the citizens' doors like the meanest outcast. The proud old man groaned aloud in his anguish. Something akin to hatred took possession of him, and he cursed the son who had brought such disgrace upon his family.

When his task of restoring San Damiano was finished, Francis turned his attention to another half-ruined chapel in the vicinity. It was a very ancient building, known as Santa Maria della Porziuncula—St. Mary of the little Portion. The origin of the name is doubtful, but an interesting story is told in connection with it. In the days of St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem, four holy men from Palestine made a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles, and then, wishing to live for the remainder of their lives in communion with God, apart from men, they came to Umbria, and in a wood near Assisi built a chapel and round it four huts. There they lived for some time. So great was their sanctity that we are told the place whereon they abode was holy in the sight of God, and the songs of the angels were often heard within the chapel. Time went on. The chapel in the wood was almost forgotten, when the great St. Bernard, passing through Umbria, chanced upon it, and had it restored. Then it is said that he begged a small piece of ground adjoining the chapel, upon which he built a cell for himself. Because of this gift of land he named the chapel St. Mary of the Porziuncula—of the little Portion. Afterwards St. Bernard sent monks from Monte Cassino to care for the little sanctuary, but after a time the place was again deserted, the monks having withdrawn to the newly-built monastery at Monte Subasio.

A dense wood lay between the chapel and Assisi, and its great seclusion and loneliness, no doubt, added to its charm in the eyes of Francis, whilst at the same time it was near enough to the city to allow of his daily quest for bread, and was also not far from the leper hospital. Thus this woodland retreat, while affording him the utter solitude for which his soul yearned, also afforded him the opportunity of exercising his vocation of poverty and of charity towards the afflicted members of Christ.

Here, then, he took up abode, spending his days in toil, long hours of communing with God and in offices of charity to the most suffering of God's creatures. In the early morning he heard Mass, said in one or other of the lonely churches scattered through the plain and amongst the mountains, and when evening came he rested from his

labor of restoring his beloved Porziuncula and ate his meal of the unsavory scraps collected in the beggar's bowl, washed down by a draught of clear cold water from the neighboring spring. And never did the richest wines and the rarest viands of those olden days, when he feasted with his friends, taste to him as did this beggar's fare.

Only the angels knew the secrets of the night watches, during which Francis studied the Book of the Crucifix. Only the angels heard his sighs as he sighed and wept over the sorrows of the Crucified.

PART IV

But now there arose within the saint's heart a fresh and burning desire, enkindled therein by the words of our Divine Lord in the Gospel as recorded by St. Matthew, in which he bids His disciples go and "preach, saying: the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

We are told that when Francis heard these words read in the Gospel for the Mass on the Feast of St. Matthew, he exclaimed: "This is what I want. This is what I, with all my soul, want to follow in my life." Henceforth he would be an apostle. He would bear to the citizens of Assisi the message of the Lord. And from that day he began to preach in the market square of the city or wherever he saw a crowd assembled. His words were simple, and peace was his theme — "peace as the greatest good for man, peace with God by keeping His commandments, peace with man by righteous conduct, peace with oneself by the testimony of a good conscience."

By this time the citizens had grown accustomed to the daily presence in their midst of the wasted figure in the coarse gray peasant's robe, with the hood drawn over the head, the rope tied round the waist and the feet bare. It was dawning faintly on their dulled intelligence that a saint was passing amongst them. They no longer jeered at him. They listened silently, even reverently, to his words, and many went home with the dawn of God's grace in their souls.

Ere long Francis' preaching attracted to him disciples, who would fain follow him in his life of evangelical poverty and self-renunciation. The first of these whose name has come down to us was Bernard of Quintivalle, a merchant like Francis, and, like him also, possessed of much wealth. Following the saint's example, Bernard disposed of all his property and distributed the proceeds amongst the poor, reserving nothing for himself. With the consent of Francis, he took up his abode with him at Porziuncula, leading the same life of toil, of prayer, penance and self-abasement. Before the year was out four disciples abode with Francis in his hut of wattles

plastered with mud. Indeed, it may be said that this hut merely served them as an occasional meeting place, for they were mostly absent on missionary work. But wherever they went they observed the same rule of life. They prayed much; kept silence when not engaged in preaching; they possessed nothing. Wherever possible they worked for the farmers and peasants, accepting no other remuneration than their food. When they could not get work, they begged their bread. Everywhere they preached Christ crucified, exhorting men to penance and forgiveness of injuries.

Here in these small beginnings we have the germ of the great order which, like a grain of mustard seed, while Francis even yet lived, had developed into a great tree, spreading its branches far and wide.

It was thus that the saint realized his youthful dreams of becoming a knight of high renown. "So Francis takes up his life's burthen. The golden sunlight of his youth's dream lies upon his path; his heart is filled up with a great love." But to the last hour of life the inner Francis remained unchanged. He was ever the peerless knight, ready to do battle for the cause of truth; ready to help all who suffered; the resplendent brightness of whose stainless shield was never dimmed by the lightest breath. But now the chivalry, the romantic daring and the longing to do great deeds were enlisted in the cause of Jesus crucified. He was God's knight, fiery, fearless in his liege Lord's service. He was God's troubadour, ever pouring forth his soul in glad canticles of praise and thanksgiving. To the end he loved music and song, but not now for him the *chansons* of fair Provence; his were the songs of Sion.

The meanest thing that lived was dear to Francis because of Him Who created it. It is told of him that he would lift the earthworms from the dust of the highways and put them in some secure nook, lest they should be crushed beneath careless feet. The wild things of the woods knew him and came to him at his call, the most timid as well as the fiercest. The hares, shiest of all, played round him, and hungry wolves crouched at his feet. There is a beautiful story told of him in this connection.

The inhabitants of Gubbio, a small town in Umbria, built on the steep slopes of the Apennines, had suffered much from the depredations of a wolf of enormous size and such ferocity that it attacked not only the domestic animals, but also human beings, having even devoured several children. Consternation reigned in Gubbio. No one dared venture outside the walls. St. Francis, pitying the terrified people, went in search of the wolf. The inhabitants, fearing for the saint's life, followed him, but, as the old chronicler remarks, at a

distance. Francis fearlessly approached the cave in the mountains where the wolf had his den. The savage animal instantly rushed at him. Making the sign of the Cross, the saint said in a loud voice: "Come here, brother wolf. I order you in the name of Christ do me no harm, neither me nor anyone." And instantly the fierce brute crouched like a lamb at the saint's feet. Then St. Francis went on to rebuke the wolf for his misdeeds: "Brother wolf, you have committed great crimes. You have not only killed animals, you have been so cruel as to devour men made to the image of God. You deserve to die. Everyone complains of you, and you are an object of horror to the whole country. But it is my wish that you should sign a treaty of peace. I know hunger is the sole cause of your crime. Promise me, therefore, to lead an innocent life, and the inhabitants on their part will forgive you and provide for your future subsistence. Do you consent?" Whereupon the wolf bowed his head and placed his paw in Francis' hand, as if to intimate his acceptance, and then, like a dog, trotted after the saint as he went back to Gubbio, followed by the inhabitants, praising and blessing God for their deliverance.

"Brother wolf" lived for two years in Gubbio, going about the town and entering the houses freely, but never attempting to molest anyone. He was as tame and domesticated as a dog, and was well fed and cared for. When at length he died of old age, there was much sorrow in the town for him.

Birds in particular were always regarded by St. Francis with special affection. It is related of him that once as he was journeying with some of his brethren they came to a place where many trees grew by the roadside. In these trees and on the ground beneath them was a great multitude of all kinds of birds. "When St. Francis saw all this multitude, the spirit of God came over him . . . and he began to preach to the birds. And all those that sat in the trees flew down to him, and none of them moved, although he went right among them. But St. Francis said to the birds: 'My sister birds, you owe God much gratitude, and ought always and everywhere to praise and exalt Him, because you can fly so freely wherever you want to; and for your double and threefold clothing, and for your colored and adorning coats, and for the food which you do not have to work for, and for the beautiful voices the Creator has given you. . . . You sow not, neither do you reap, but God feeds you and gives you rivers and springs to drink from, and hills and mountains, cliffs and rocks to hide yourself in, and high trees for you to build your nests in, and, though you can neither spin nor weave, He gives you and your young the necessary clothing. Love, therefore, the

Creator much, since he has given you such great blessings. Watch, therefore, well, my sister birds, that you are not ungrateful, but busy yourselves in praising God.' . . . But after this, our holy father's words, all these little birds began to open their beaks, to beat their wings and stretch out their necks and bow their heads reverently to the earth, and with their song and their movements showed that the words St. Francis had said had pleased them greatly. . . . And when St. Francis had finished his sermon and his exhortation to praise God, he made the sign of the Cross over all the birds. And all the birds flew up at once and twittered wonderfully and strongly, and separated and flew away." (1) ("The Fioretti," c. 16.)

But of all created things Francis loved best the sun, and next to it fire.

"In the morning," he would say, "when the sun rises all men ought to praise God Who created it for our use, for all things are made visible by it. But in the evening, when it is night, all men ought to praise God for brother fire, which gives our light at night. For we are like the blind, but God gives light by means of these two brothers."

It is remarkable how St. Francis loved Christmas with a special love and wished that his brethren should ever keep it with much rejoicing. Christmas Day happening one year to fall on Friday one of the brothers suggested that meat should not be eaten. "If it is Christmas," said St. Francis, "it is not Friday. If the walls could eat flesh I would give them it today, but as they cannot I will at least rub them over with it." On another occasion he said, "If I knew the Emperor, I would ask him that all might be ordered on this day to throw out corn to the birds, especially to our sisters the larks, and that everyone who has a beast in the stable should give them a specially good feed for love of the Child Jesus born in a manger. And on this day the rich should feast all the poor."

It is to St. Francis that we are indebted for the devotion of the crib. There was a certain Ser. John Vellita, a devoted friend and benefactor to the Saint and the Brothers. Just before Christmas in the year 1223, Francis sent for this man and said to him: "I want to celebrate the holy Christmas night along with thee, and now listen, for I have thought it out for myself. In the woods by the cloister thou wilt find a cave, and there thou mayest arrange a manger filled with hay. There must also be an ox and an ass just as in Bethlehem. I want for once to celebrate seriously the coming of the Son of God upon earth, and see with my own eyes how poor and miserable he wished to be for our sakes."

His faithful friend carried out all the saint's wishes, and at "midnight of Christmas Eve, the Brothers came together to celebrate the festival of Christmas. They stood around the manger and all held lighted candles, so that, as we read, it was light as day in the dark cave under the cliff. Mass was celebrated over the manger so that the Divine Child under the forms of bread and wine should himself come to the place as He had come on the first Christmas Eve to the manger at Bethlehem. For a moment it seemed to John of Vellita that he saw a real child lying in the manger, but as if dead or sleeping. Then Brother Francis stepped forward and took it lovingly in his arms, and the child smiled at Francis, and with his little hands stroked his bearded chin and his coarse grey habit. And yet this vision did not astonish John. For Jesus had been dead or else asleep in many hearts, but Brother Francis had by his voice and his example again restored the Divine Child to life and awakened Him from His trance."

We have not space to follow much further the footsteps of the Seraphic Saint of Assisi. . . . We cannot linger over the history of that sublime manifestation of God's predilection for His servant, when as Francis on the lonely heights of Mount Alverno wept in an ecstasy of grief contemplating the sufferings of Jesus crucified, he received the sacred stigmata so that henceforth he bore "the image and likeness of Our Lord Jesus Christ the Crucified in his side and likewise on his hands and feet."

Nor yet can we dwell at length on that most beautiful and touching story, so closely woven with Francis' own life-story, of the Lady Clare, who happening to hear the saint preach, in the first flush of radiant youth and beauty, left her father's castle, and renouncing her riches and high estate, embraced the abject poverty practiced by the Apostle of the Poverty of Christ. Nor may we delay to tell of that other glorious follower of Francis, the angelic Antony of Padua.

We have already spoken of the saint's love for the woodland hermitage of Porziuncola, a love which grew and deepened as the years went by. It may be said with truth that the only spot on earth that Francis ever allowed himself to regard as home was Porziuncola. Thus it is that in the autumn of 1226 we find him returning to the loved retreat, a weary, worn-out man; broken with austerities, physical sufferings, many sorrows and much disappointment. Francis had come home to die.

It is related that a short time previously, whilst sojourning at Rieti, the saint, being in greater pain than usual, requested one

of the brothers to play and sing to him some sacred song which might soothe his suffering. The Brother demurred, alleging as an excuse that the people of the house would be disedified if they heard the sounds of a violin issuing from the sick man's room. The meek Francis did not press the matter further. But that night, as he lay sleepless on his couch of pain, he heard in the stillness strains of unearthly sweetness outside his window. Well the saint knew that never did earthly musician produce from instrument fashioned by mortal hands such melody. All through the hours of darkness the celestial harping continued, and when morning came Francis said to the Brother: "The Lord did not forget me this time either, but comforted me, as He always does. Instead of thee, He sent me an angel who had played for me all night."

On the 3d of October, 1226, the Master's call came. As the day waned Francis seemed to gain strength, and lifting up his voice he sang the 141st Psalm, beginning, "I cried to the Lord with my voice." And then as the golden light of sunset was illumining the Apennines, there fell a sudden stillness round the couch of Francis, that stillness which is like no other, and the weeping Brothers knew that their father had left them.

God's peerless knight, God's sweet singer, had gone home. After the first few moments of silence there came a burst of harmony sweet and loud. The saint's "sister larks" were filling the air with hymns of praise.

E. LEAHY.

A DARK SPOT IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

SLOVAKIA, known as Czecho-Slovakia since the World War, is very much hampered in her progress of political economy owing to internal complexities that were known to exist almost since the establishment of the new Czecho-Slovak Republic. Looking back toward the month of March, 1921, about the time that the effects of a long subjected political persecution of the Czechs and Slovaks began to wear off, everything seemed to be in a state of harmony. But as matters progress, it is alleged that the Czech part of the republic begins to lose its equilibrium, attributed to the overwhelming effects that were brought on almost suddenly through the acquisition of Independence granted through the Treaty at Versailles, and which proved to be a little more than the Czechs had expected. It was not long after the establishment of the Republic that the Czechs began to take advantage of the Slovaks on many problems. They have gone so far as to seriously offend the Slovaks and disregard any suggestion made by them which was meant for the good of the Republic.

When the matter was brought before President Masaryk, it was hoped that something would be done. But the only words that Mr. Masaryk uttered were, "Remember, that we are only in the honeymoon of our liberty, and much is to be forgiven us." It was rumored at the time, that Mr. Masaryk had somewhat looked into the matter and had taken the situation into such consideration that in his effort to prevent the practice of said offense against the Slovaks, he had lost one of his strongest associates in the government, Dr. Kramer.

From present indications, it seems that the action of the President had no direct effect on the situation, and as is evident, has since lost all its value.

The Czechs and the Slovaks are closely related, both in blood and language, yet in many respects, they are quite unlike. Briefly, the Czechs are inclined very much to Agnosticism and Materialism, where on the other hand, the Slovaks are the most pious Catholics

of Europe. Considerable offence has been caused the Slovaks of the Republic through Czech anti-Clerical feeling that had its beginning almost with the establishment of the new Republic. Repeated protests and admonitory pleading on the part of the Slovaks, have failed to bring an agreement between the two races. And, as a result, the situation has aroused an anti-Czech feeling amongst the Slovaks and the various races or nationalities settling in the Slovak portion of the Republic.

Reports of April 6, 1924, in the *Narodne Noviny* (National News), a Czecho-Slovak publication, and in the *New World*, of Chicago, for June 20, 1924, seems to indicate that there has never been a danger so insistent in its pressure to bring about a separation of the Slovaks from the Czechs in the Czecho-Slovak Republic as there is today. The promise of Mr. Masaryk made in the early days of the Republic, that the Slovaks would have an Autonomous Constitution has been so far unfulfilled. Matters have come to be more or less intolerable amongst the Slovaks, and as a result, a movement for complete Autonomy and Self-Government has gained considerable headway with the Slovaks.

Another disturbing factor in the Republic has been occasioned through Czech interference with the Slovak religion.

Following is a very recent report which may serve as evidence of that: Otto Skovrina, a Lutheran minister from Turchancky St. Martin, published an article in the issue of the 6th of April, 1924, of the *Narodne Noviny* (Nat. News) in which he raised a determined protest against the proceedings and behavior of the Bohemians who had agreed that all religious schools in Slovakia must be abolished and all teachings of religion excluded in that country.

Otto Skovrina writes as follows: The teaching faculty of the schools at St. Martin at its session on the 29th of March last, which was attended by a majority of the teachers "without creed" he says, debated the school and religious question and proclaimed after a vote with only one dissenting that all church schools are to be abolished in Slovakia. He then goes on to say, "This then is the desire of the Czech teachers 'without creed' but certainly not the wish of the Catholic Slovaks."

In commenting on the above, the *Chicago New World* says, "Will the warning voice of this Lutheran minister be heeded here in America?"

"For five centuries," says R. W. Seton-Watson in a London periodical, "it has been a tradition amongst the Czechs to identify themselves with a certain opposition to Rome. Hussitism has been there a long smoldering cause, and has since come to mean many

things of which John Huss would certainly have been the first to disapprove were he alive today."

During the first three months which elapsed between the collapse of the old Austro-Hungarian State and the permanent establishment of the Czecho-Slovak authorities, R. W. Seton-Watson, who is editor of the *Slovanic Review* published in London, says in his periodical for March, 1924, that "There was a very satisfactory order and discipline through the country, and a pleasing harmony between the various confessions. But with the advent of the Czechs into the various positions of the government, everything was changed. The Czechs have imported with them the passions of excitement which their anti-Clerical frenzy had stirred up in them."

Assuming that Rome was to blame for former Austrian domination, the Czechs obviously have considered it a fair retribution in unjustly treating the Slovaks in a political and religious way because of their attachment to Rome through their confession of faith.

Meeting with a great deal of success with their "sham" patriotism in Bohemia, they soon set out for Slovakia. They thought that their views would meet with the same response in Slovakia as in Bohemia. It was not long however before they discovered their mistake. They soon found that they had given the greatest possible offence to the religious feelings of the population, Catholic as well as Protestant.

It also appears that since the establishment of the "State or National" church in Bohemia, the government has been doing all in its power to facilitate its cause, while at the same time placing every obstacle in the way of those belonging to the Catholic Church when seeking rights and privileges that should be accorded them as in all other modern constitutional governments, and to which they are entitled.

In a recent report of the *Jednota* (Union), a Catholic Slovak weekly published in Middletown, Pa., it was indicated that the Czechs had taken upon themselves full and complete charge of the school system in Slovakia, and in so doing, had considered it expedient to supply the teaching faculties for the schools in Slovakia. The reception of the Czech teachers there was cold, for as soon as the Slovaks found that they were the free-thinking kind, they refused to send their children to them. This has caused a great deal of excitement in the Republic, and it seemed for a while that the Czechs would gain in the controversy owing to the lamb-like innocence that is generally ascribed to the Slovaks.

Friendship between the two peoples is very necessary, for the sake of liberty, progress, honor, and peace of mind.

Since the creation of a new State calls for new politicians, new bureaucracies, and a reorganization in governmental policies, this likewise was essential in the establishment of the new Czecho-Slovak State. The Czechs however, have taken advantage of the Slovaks, and inevitably this meant that the bureaucracy of this new republic was composed largely of Czechs. The result was that the Czechs have taken upon themselves complete authority in the new Republic with the Slovaks receiving only second consideration, and being made to feel that they are foreigners in their own country. The Slovaks being on equal footing with the Czechs as far as founding of the Republic is concerned, therefore reasoned that more of their own people should be represented in the civil service of the Republic.

In a self-governing Slovakia, where the Slovaks themselves would be the deciding factors, such an arrangement would be impossible.

Meekness and humility are the Slovak people's virtues, but they must not be yoked to draw the burden of discrimination.

The Slovaks are not by nature revolutionists, but it appears that the spirit of revolution is gaining among them, and that they are unanimously supported in their protests by the majority of the population living among them.

The Slovaks with their characteristic humbleness, unostentatious strength and unfeigned equanimity, have patiently withstood the attacks and abuses that were heaped upon them for centuries while defending their political and religious rights, and for the curbing of organizations which might interfere with that prerogative. What is one of the miracles of history is the survival of the Slovak spirit and of their race and faith.

The Slovaks maintain that the Czechs have failed to live up to and accommodate themselves to conditions in Slovakia. And it is alleged that Mr. Masaryk as President has turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the Slovaks asking for a complete modification in the system of present governmental affairs. As a result, the Slovaks have concluded that when a long train of usurpations pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right and their duty to throw off such government.

"Who and what," says a report from Prague for June 16 to the Chicago New World, "will save Slovakia from a destructive influence on the morals of a deeply religious people? Is it proper or even permissible that this race should be ignored and left to sustain further torment by the application of fear, force and compulsion?"

These are indeed troublous times in Europe. The Slovaks assert that Mr. Masaryk has declined to grant them an autonomous con-

stitution that would lead to that prerogative. They have now decided to spare no vital energy in their effort to establish a Home-Rule Autonomy of Slovakia, based on the joint agreement called the "Pittsburgska Dohoda," which was adapted in Pittsburgh in the latter days of the World War by prominent European and American Slovaks and Czechs, who were then active in organizing a free Czecho-Slovak Republic. Such, the Slovaks figure, is the only possible means of eliminating the policies now existing in their country.

The Slovaks maintain that they have been made the victims of a premeditated deception at the hands of the Czechs who, being a little more aggressive of the two, have seized the reigning power of the republic and begun an era of political and religious interference far more stringent than that exercised on the latter by the Magyars shortly before the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian State.

It has been difficult to obtain any great measure of news out of the republic, as a strict censorship has been placed on all out-going and in-coming information that would prove inconvenient to the government. The present system of the government prohibits the importation of any literature from the outside that would tend to offer any defence to the Slovaks. This, say the Slovaks, seems to be the sense in which the Czechs understand, as they are accustomed to declare in a boastful fashion, their homogeneity with the Slovaks in the form of kinship.

When we reflect upon the tremendous assaults which the Slovak race has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way they are going to perish.

"Just now," says Otto Skovrina, in the *Narodne Noviny* (Nat. News), "there is a vein of pitiless cruelty running through the new Republic, and the Catholics in Slovakia have been made none the worse because of it." He adds, "Is it proper for such a state of affairs to prevail in a country that has proclaimed itself a Republic based on the fundamental principles of the American Government?"

A report to the Chicago New World from Vienna dated August 25, 1924, gives an account of a recent address by President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia, in which he attacked the Catholic Church and which received a prompt answer, the report says, from the Czech Catholics at the recent annual meeting on the "Holy Mountain," near Pribram, Bohemia.

At this gathering, which is an ancient custom with the Czecho-Slovakian Catholics, sharp expression was given to dissatisfaction with the present administration at Prague, according to "Slovak,"

published in Czecho-Slovakia. President Masaryk, before entering the political arena, became famous as a man of science by expounding atheistic theories.

It is now generally conceded that only a Home-Rule Autonomy of Slovakia, based on the agreement drawn up at Pittsburgh previous to the establishment of the Republic, will suffice as an alternative between the two people. This accomplished, the rights of the Slovaks as well as of the Czechs will be equally respected. Matters could be fairly well adjusted by allowing the Slovaks to assimilate to every possible extent the civil duties of the country, both in Bohemia and in Slovakia.

It is asserted that Czecho-Slovakia is none too strong, and that its wilful president is bent on dividing this dwindling strength with the same unfortunate characteristics that he cried out against in Austria; that Mr. Masaryk, against his pledged word, began his political career by hostility to the religious belief of the Slovaks; and that he put in jail those who stood out in defence of their faith; and that from present observations, he seems to have forgotten the fact that the Slovaks had given their services equal to that of the Czechs in the fight for liberty and freedom.

Possibly the Slovak cause has developed to be one that President Masaryk may hate, but with which he may have to reckon.

The Slovaks in America are well established throughout the country, and have wonderfully adapted themselves to the principles of the land. Their population and wealth continued to increase along with their social development, and as Americans, they are inherently progressive.

The two million Slovaks that are in America today, are glad to possess the ideals and aspirations of a Nation that awakens the enthusiasm of patriotism and common interest of a country of which one feels the pride of citizenship.

STEPHEN J. PALICKAR.

THE CURE OF ARS: DIALOG WITH SATAN

THE probable canonization of the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney, commonly called the Cure of Ars, during this Jubilee Year will undoubtedly revive interest in that very remarkable priest's life. Surprise, astonishment and amazement follow in order, as the reader pursues the experiences and achievements of this humble servant of God during his forty-four years of ministry. His uninterrupted labors in the face of discouraging conditions during his entire priesthood, as well as heroic ascetism so constantly practiced, and his self-imposed poverty, provoke justly generous admiration. Yet, in spite of his masterful and perfect and ceaseless self-oblation, he is best known as a confessor who patiently listened to sinners for many hours every day for about forty years. His life is a marvelous combination of prayer, preaching, poverty, mortification and patient endurance. He seemed to have combined all virtues without emphasizing any particular one. While the most active of priests, he was at the same time a contemplative outside a monastery. Many saints are known to the world for some individual quality heroically adhered to, but in the life of the Cure of Ars it would seem that he equals any of the specialists in their conspicuous virtues.

The life of this meek, yet powerful, servant of God, cannot be read by the average priest without feeling the utter hopelessness of comparison. When Pope Leo XIII put forth the Cure of Ars as the model for parish priests, he placed an ideal so great before them that were there three such invincible servants of God on earth, according to Satan's own statement, "my kingdom would be destroyed."

Although the Cure of Ars is interesting as a child, as a student, preacher, confessor, contemplative, ascetic, reformer, man of prayer and worker of miracles, yet, perhaps the most astonishing aspect of his career is his thirty-eight years of persecution by the devil.

The Blessed Cure of Ars was a priest three years when Satan began to annoy and persecute him. We may well imagine the terror of the simple, unsuspecting priest when he first learned from the

absence of footprints in the snow, after the violent hammering on the door, that he was the victim of diabolic attack. The effect of the first week's noises, inside and outside his house, was noticed in the run-down condition of his health. The Cure admitted that he was almost frightened to death, but prayer proved his safety. Even the best men of the parish, who had armed themselves and stood on watch to protect the priest, ran away in terror when the malicious enemy began his nocturnal banging with supposed sledge-hammers.

Prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary was usually effective in driving the devil from the Cure's room; but it required many weeks to overcome the soul-wracking fear. The experiences of other servants of God in their fights with Satan also proved that the Immaculate Virgin's protection was unfailing when called upon. In this magnificent fact we may understand the devil's fear of the one promised in Genesis (III: 15), who would eventually crush his head.

The creating of disturbance by a variety of noises, such as the tramping of numerous sheep over his head, on the floor above or the pounding of horses' hoofs below, was not the only means the devil used to persecute the Cure for long weary hours. The violent shaking of his bed and bed-curtains, the throwing and breaking of furniture, the hammering on the walls and the driving of nails, the smearing of holy pictures with sickening filth, especially the picture of the Blessed Virgin, the filling of the house with nauseating stench, the lifting of the holy priest while in his bed, up to the ceiling and again dropping him, the same trick in the confessional, the striking of the Cure with painful blows upon the body, the imitating of hissing snakes and barking dogs and panting bulls, wearisome sighs under the bed and pillow of the Cure while he tried to rest, these were the usual diabolic activities from which this patient victim suffered every night for thirty-eight years. The little rest the Cure sought after his tedious and monotonous hours in the confessional were never without the hideous annoyance of Satan. On one occasion the living martyr complained that during the night, the devil made several efforts to kill him.

One thing which the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney learned after some months, was that when the devil and his noisy troop were noticeably vicious and fiendish, the next day hardened sinners of many years, burdened with the most degrading of crimes, came to make humble confession. When the holy priest realized this protest by Satan was but the sign of a rich harvest the next day, he was exceedingly grateful to God and was glad to suffer for the sake of the sinners won. Further on in this article we shall hear the devil bitterly

denouncing the saintly priest on this score; the devil did not lose his clients without taking revenge upon the venerable servant of God.

According to some spiritual authorities, the reason behind this diabolic persecution is twofold; first, as in the case of holy Job, for the purpose of meritorious trial at the hands of Satan, so that the victim will the more turn to and depend absolutely upon God. And secondly, the envy of the devil is aroused by the evidence of spiritual strength. That is to say, when the various, numerous and insidious temptations by Satan are continually resisted, and he feels that he has met one more powerful than himself, he becomes infuriated and openly assaults such a one. The proud spirit apparently cannot understand how any human creature can be capable of resisting him. Tertullian (*De Poenit.*), states, "When you overcome him, you do not daunt his boldness, but you inflame his rage." The persistence of the devil is no less wonderful than his malice, for he seems stupid in his repeated efforts to wear down his opponent. When we realize that the devil persevered for thirty-eight years against the Cure of Ars, in his determination to break the endurance of the holy priest, we can well marvel at the power of sanctity in one, and the hatred and malice of the other.

The lives of many saints prove to us that the experiences of the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney were not unusual; in fact many lives of renowned sanctity reveal similar attacks on the part of Satan. In Fr. Wolferstan's translation of Abbe Monnin's *Life of the Cure of Ars*, we read the following: "One cannot utter the word 'temptation' without the memory of the Thebaid immediately coming before the mind; for the temptations of St. Anthony have become proverbial. During the time he dwelt in the mountain of Kolsim, whence he ruled over the desert and several generations of coenobites, the numberless visitors of his terrible solitude hardly ever approached it without hearing a confused and terrible sound of voices of all sorts, the clashing of arms and the stamping of horses, as though he were besieged by an army of invisible spirits. St. Hilarion was no sooner at prayer than he heard the baying of hounds, bellowing of bulls, hissing of serpents, and the various and terrible cries of different monsters trying to affright him. Devils made such an uproar about the cell of St. Pachomious that they seemed determined to destroy both man and cell. They appeared to St. Abraham, axes in hand, as if to demolish his hut; at other times they set fire to the mat on which he prayed.

The lives of St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Anthony of Padua, St. John of God, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Nicholas of Tolentino, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Francis of Rome, St. Rose

of Lima, St. Hedwig, St. Lidwina, St. Teresa, John de Castillo, Sebastian del Campo, Dominic of Jesu-Maria, Christine of Stommelm, Crescentia of Kauffbeuren, Christine the Admirable, The Solitary of the Rocks, Benoite, the little shepherdess of Laus, and Marie de Moerl, the ecstatic of the Tyrol—all of these offer striking resemblances to the events already narrated in the life of the Blessed Cure of Ars.

On only a few occasions did the devil assume a material and visible form; once he appeared as a hideous dog with fearfully glaring eyes, and on another occasion the devils came as a swarm of bats covering the walls and ceiling of his room. It is worthy of mention here that some years ago, *Everybody's Magazine* offered a prize to any reputable gathering of spiritual-mediums which could show the nearest approach to a spirit-materialization. The gathering that won the prize testified that during the seance, in the darkness, and while seated about a table, all present felt the hairy side of a "dog"; but not one suggested or even suspected that the "dog" was the devil. Had they been acquainted with the lives of some of the saints mentioned above, they would have learned a helpful truth. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the writer, a few months ago, questioned a missionary from Uganda concerning reputed diabolic activities. The missionary stated that for many years the devil had been a cause of fearful trouble to the missionaries, especially in the wrecking of the churches which were of light construction. Showers of rocks often did great damage to the humble thatched structures. But the most vivid experience in the mind of the missionary was the day-long effort on the part of three priests to exorcize two girls. Only after each priest took up his turn in relay was the demon finally driven out.

An experience of unusual interest and profitable significance is found in the dialogue which the Blessed Cure of Ars held with the devil. On this occasion Satan spoke through a possessed woman who had been brought to the holy priest for exorcism. It is taken from the latest translation of Abbé Monin's *Life of the Cure of Ars*, and is as follows:

The Possessed: I am immortal.

The Cure: Then you are the only person that will never die.

The Possessed: I have committed only one sin in my life, and I will share the knowledge of it with anyone who wants it. Raise thy hand over me and absolve me. Thou hast done so before often in my behalf.

The Cure: (*In Latin*) Tu quis es? (Who art thou?)

The Possessed: (*Also in Latin*) *Magister, Caput* (The Master, The Chief) (*and continuing in a sort of diabolic French*). Vile, black toad! how thou hast made me suffer! We are mutually at war; it is a case of which shall conquer the other. But though thou gettest them into thine own hands, it happens occasionally that thou workest for me. Thou dost imagine they are properly disposed, but they are not. Why dost thou examine the consciences of thy penitents? Of what good are all these inquiries? Can it be that what I have made them do does not suffice thee? ;

The Cure: Thou sayest that I examine the consciences of my penitents? But they have recourse to God before they make their own examen.

The Possessed: Yes; with their lips. I tell thee that it is I who make their examen. I am oftener in thy chapel than thou knowest; my body may leave, but my spirit remains. I am pleased when they prate there. By no means do all who come there obtain salvation. Thou art a miser.

The Cure: I can hardly be a miser; I have but little, and that little I give away willingly.

The Possessed: That is not the avarice of which I speak. Thou art avaricious of souls; thou dost wrest all that thou canst; but I will do my best to recover them. Thou art a liar. Long since hast thou said that thou wouldest depart, and yet thou art still here. What dost thou want here then? So many others retire and take their ease. Why not do as they do? Thou hast labored full long enough. Thou didst wish to go to Lyons (This was very true; at the time referred to, the Cure seriously planned to go to Fourvieres). At Lyons thou wouldest be as avaricious as you are here. Thou dost desire to withdraw into solitude. (This also was true; the Cure was torn in spirit by two great desires:—retreat to Fourvieres or to La Trappe.) Why dost thou not do it?

The Cure: Hast thou anything more to reproach me with?

The Possessed: I troubled thee sufficiently during Mass last Sunday. Ah, dost thou remember? (The Sunday in question was the second Sunday after the Epiphany; the Cure had declared that he had felt troubled in an extraordinary degree up to the Gospel.) Thy *purple cassock* (i.e., Msgr. Raymond Devie, Bishop of Belley) has recently written to thee; but I have managed so well that he has omitted an essential matter, which has disturbed him. (The Cure had, in fact, received a letter from his Bishop that day.)

The Cure: Will the Bishop permit me to go?

The Possessed: He values thee too much. Without that—— (here the possessed designated the Blessed Virgin by names that cannot be hinted at) thou wouldst be gone already. We have done all we can to get thy *purple cassock* to pack thee off, and we have not succeeded because of that—— (again mentioning the Virgin Mary by unthinkable names). Thy *purple cassock* is as avaricious as thyself; he has caused me just as much suffering. No matter; we have lulled him into security concerning an abuse in his diocese. Come then, raise thy hand over me, as thou dost over so many others. Thou thinkest to convert all; there thou dost err. Things look well just now, but I will retrieve the situation presently. I have several of thy people on my books.

The Cure: What thinkest thou of A. B.? (A priest of tried virtue.)

The Possessed: I like him not. (These words were uttered in a tone of concentrated rage, accompanied by horrible grinding of teeth.)

The Cure: And of C. D.?

The Possessed: A good man that. He lets us do very much as we please. There are black toads who do not cause me as much suffering as thou. I serve their Mass. They say it for me.

The Cure: Dost thou serve mine?

The Possessed: Thou dost weary me. Ah, if that—— (The Blessed Virgin) did not protect thee! But wait a while. We have ruined stronger than thou; . . . thou are not yet dead . . . Why dost thou rise so early. Thou dost disobey thy *purple cassock* who told thee to take care of thy health . . . What maketh thee preach so simply? Thou dost pass for an ignoramus. Why not preach in the grand style, like they do in the towns? Ah, how those grand sermons delight me, which fluster nobody, which leave everyone to go his own way, and do as he pleases. At thy catechisms some there are who sleep; but thy simple words go direct to the hearts of others.

The Cure: What dost thou think of dancing?

The Possessed: I am round about a dance as a wall is round about a garden.

On another occasion, when a possessed woman was brought to the Cure of Ars, the devil said to him: "How thou dost cause me to suffer! If the world had three such as thyself, my kingdom would be destroyed . . . thou hast already snatched eighty thousand souls from me." This woman remained ten days at Ars, made a general confession, received holy Communion and departed in peace.

But before she left, or rather before she was exorcised, she had said in the presence of several: "What a foul place this Ars is; how bad it smells; everybody here stinks. Give me *La Rotonde* (a famous haunt of vice in one of the worst parts of Lyons), all is fragrant there—roses, jasmine, violets . . . Ah, if the lost could come here, they would, indeed, profit by it more than all of you." Someone asked her: "Who is it that makes tables turn?" She replied: "I do . . . mesmerism, hypnotism . . . all that sort of thing is my business."

This astounding dialogue between the Cure of Ars and Satan offers very instructive information upon the knowledge possessed by the devil, as well as his furious hatred of personal mortification and simple, straightforward preaching, such as was done by the holy priest. Furthermore, it appears, as a very significant hint to priests, that asking questions in the confessional, in order to obtain the fullest integrity of confession, is offensive to the devil and therefore most salutary to the penitent. Many matters taught by theology are vindicated by the evidence brought forth in this unique exchange between Satan and the Blessed Jean Marie Vianney.

Surely, no one, especially a priest, can read these astounding experiences and words which the Blessed Cure of Ars had with the enemy of old, without much fruitful profit. In all this we see the terrifying reality of the malicious and powerful enemy of God and man. Neither can one escape the fearful reality and consequences of sin. The need of penance, intensely earnest preaching, mortification and the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, are unquestionably constant in our lives. The ceaseless efforts of Satan against man are fearful, leading us to realize the necessity of grace, vigilance and dependence on Christ, without whom we are helpless and lost.

Let us conclude by remembering that the truth of holy Revelation concerning the existence and the activities of the powers of darkness are fully vindicated, not alone by the terrible experiences of the holy priest of Ars, but by many other saintly souls who were tried by the eternal enemy in many ways and for many years. And in light of these facts, who will misunderstand St. Paul, when he said to the Ephesians, (VI-12): "FOR OUR WRESTLING IS NOT AGAINST FLESH AND BLOOD; BUT AGAINST PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS; AGAINST THE RULERS OF THE WORLD OF THIS DARKNESS; AGAINST THE SPIRITS OF WICKEDNESS IN THE HIGH PLACES."

HUMOR AND ITS SOURCE.

MANY theories of the comic have been formulated, but none of them "work," not one of them includes within its explanation the whole vast field of the laughable. We laugh at Falstaff, we laugh at Volpone and the Jew of Malta, we laugh at Lucian's comedy of adventure, Rabelais' huge fantastic invention, these and many other things, all unlike one another, arouse in us the same strange pleasure of laughter. Some single subterranean principle, we argue, must feed all these different fountains of laughter. But what is that principle—surprise? the correction of *raideur*? We give it up; the problem is too vast and too densely tangled.

We laugh at the first, as we laugh at Rabelais or Nashe, because it is romantic, it invents improbable episodes and surprising forms of speech, it is a fantastic distortion of life. The other amuses us because, like the old comedy that castigates in laughing, it is a commentary on life. Although nearly every great man and innumerable lesser ones have theorized as to the origin and purpose of laughter, their attempts have not resulted in a complete general understanding of it. Like love, to which it is closely related, as Professor Greig abundantly illustrated in his treatise published last year, laughter has a special and a general significance. Just as the word "love" may be used to describe the emotion felt by a man towards his dog, his wife and his god, so the physiological reaction caused by tickling, by poetic satire and the behaviour of a child may be, without discrimination, known as laughter.

The word "humour" has had a strange, eventful history, and is now commonly used to denote any laughter at the ludicrous or, by some writers, to denote any kind of laughter whatever. But there is some justification in the English tradition for this distinction between purely comic and sympathetic humorous laughter. Coleridge distinguished the "pure, unmixed, ludicrous or laughable" from the "congeniality of humour with pathos." "The humor-

ous writer," according to Thackeray, "professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness" and "your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed." Since Thackeray thought that "the humorous writer" should also awaken "scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture," he did not confine "humour" to a sympathetic sense of the comic. Meredith distinguished wit as warlike, whose laughter, like that of Hoyden, sounds like the smack of harlequin's wand upon clown, from the comic which does not drive into quivering sensibilities, and both from humour which comforts sensibilities and tucks them up. Professor Saintsbury describes humour "as a feeling and presentation of the ludicrous, including sympathetic, or at least meditative, transcendency." There is authority, therefore, as well as justification through private observation, for distinguishing the sympathetic laughter of humour from the pure amusement of the purely comic.

Laughter is admittedly a perplexing study, and is as difficult to analyse as it is genial and welcome to experience. When doctors disagree it is all the more important to discover and hold to any certainties. Now a survey of laughter, an examination of its occasions and of its theorists through human history, seems to disclose one certain and significant fact. Laughter has been humanised, it has responded to the advance of sympathy as civilisation advances by becoming more sympathetic and less cruel. Since this survey is extensive it must be here represented by two instances, one relating to the occasions of laughter, and the other to estimates of its nature.

When Homer made the bandy-legged Thersites, with his rounded shoulders arched down upon his chest, and his head with its scanty sprouting stubble warped over them, a reviler who was hateful to Achilles and Odysseus, he commemorated a traditional ascription of a bitter spirit to the dwarf or deformed person. So Richard "not shaped for sportive tricks" sent "into this breathing world, scarce half made up," and halting by the barking dogs, resolved "to prove a villain" and be "subtle false, and treacherous." The passing of this tradition marks an advance in human sympathies.

Laughter is greatest when it is a momentary break in the serious things of life, and fills its highest role with a background of seriousness. As Emerson says, "The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves."

After all, what is life but a contradiction? Pascal saw and exposed with an unmatched incisiveness the duality of human life

and human nature. Man is a reed, but he is a thinking reed, and all his dignity lies in his consciousness. We show our greatness when we know our misery, which is something that a tree cannot know. Yet we are bound to seek our happiness, and by a last infirmity which is the noblest we covet glory.

Herbert Spencer, by referring laughter at the ludicrous to a "*descending incongruity*" and Kant, by referring it to an expectation dwindled into nothing, hint distinctly at the element of relief that is unmistakable in the more physical situation and present in its more mental analogue of amused laughter. The sense of the ludicrous is a mental appreciation of an incongruity lodged in a situation of relief. This transference of laughter from the more physical situation of relief to the more purely mental situation of amusement is intimated in Bacon's "laughing . . . hath its source from the intellect; for in laughing there ever precedeth a conceit of somewhat ridiculous" and in Mr. MacBeerbohm's "the physical sensation of laughter, on the other hand, are reached by a process whose starting-point is the mind."

"If consensus of opinion," writes Mr. J. C. Gregory in a highly technical article, "can ever be relied upon to indicate a certain feature of laughter, the sense of the ludicrous depends upon an incongruity. An incongruity is a contrast that administers a psychical shock to the mind; when the shock is pleasant, and Johnson thought that "the pleasures of the mind" always "imply something sudden and unexpected," it may be laughable. It results in amusement when it is lodged in a situation of relief. The sense of the ludicrous tends to steal into all situations of relief and steadily to dominate laughter, because the two sides of a situation of relief compose an incongruity. There is an incongruity in the moment of triumph between violent struggle and ease of success, and between sharp menace from a foe and his present powerlessness. There is an incongruity in scorn between the perception of a threat and a feeling of security. The persistence of the mind in perceiving incongruity and deriving amusement from its mental appreciation constantly tends to pervade all laughter with a sense of the ludicrous, and to conceal its connection with a rich variety of laughters.

"I have heard," a writer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, "a critic of the House of Commons declare that the House of Commons has a style of humour which is unintelligible to anybody outside its sacred precincts. I suppose it is so; and if I were asked to define what Parliament considers humour I should find it hard to give a definition. I just attempt it by saying that there must be in

a successful speech a touch every now and then of personal allusion, and especially allusion to the personal peculiarities of the other member with whom the speaker finds himself in disagreement. A certain gift of mimicry, not carried too far, is also useful. Perhaps I might sum up the matter by saying that the ironical—a little after the French style—is also the most welcome form of humour."

The clown is the primitive comedian. Sometimes in the exuberance of animal life a spirit of riot and frolic comes over a man; he leaps, he dances, he tumbles head over heels, he grins, shouts, or leers, possibly he pretends to go to pieces suddenly, and blubbers like a child. A moment later he may look up wreathed in smiles, and hugely pleased about nothing. All this he does hysterically, without any reason, by a sort of mad inspiration and irresistible impulse. He may easily, however, turn his absolute histrionic impulse, his pure fooling, into mimicry of anything or anybody that at the moment happens to impress his senses; he will crow like a cock, simper like a young lady, or reel like a drunkard. Such mimicry is virtual mockery, because the actor is able to revert from those assumed attitudes to his natural self; whilst his models, as he thinks have no natural self save that imitable attitude, and can never disown it; so that the clown feels himself immensely superior, in his role of universal satirist, to all actual men, and belabours and rails at them unmercifully. He sees everything in caricature, because he sees the surface only, with the lucid innocence of a child; and all these grotesque personages stimulate him, but not to moral sympathy.

A modern journalist recently asked the question: "Why do we laugh—you and I who have what is known as a sense of humour—at a witty remark?" Many attempts have been made to explain this curious phenomenon by means of a brief definition. But it has proved impossible to define wit wittily—at any rate in such a way as to disclose the hidden source of the laughter which is a sudden discharge of psychic energy. The truth is that this problem, if it is to be solved at all, must be solved scientifically. That is to say, we must compare the different kinds of witticism, find what they have in common, and then investigate the why and how of the joyous explosion. Then, and not till then, shall we know what wit really is. It is generally supposed that the hearer of a jest is the person whose soul-state must be chiefly considered in such an investigation. Shakespeare takes this point of view in the famous lines in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act V, Scene 2):

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

But there seems to be little or no truth in this popular belief. A witticism is a failure, of course, if those who hear it for the first time are not stirred to sudden laughter.

Various opinions have been advanced as to what is the ultimate nature of our intellectual apprehension of the ludicrous. There are a great many books about the subject. Hobbes thought one laughed because one felt superior. Bergson thinks that the comic is always the animate imitating the mechanical; and Kant thought something else—I forget what. Some persons would reduce it to a simple perception of incongruity, while others consider that an idea of superiority on the part of the laughter is implied in it. Certainly actions which provoke our laughter are very commonly seen by us to be silly actions, done foolishly, in neglect of that ordinary common-sense which should have hindered their perpetration. Laughter is excited when we see a person over-reached or outwitted, in cases where ordinary foresight ought to have guarded him against it; and he becomes especially an object of derision if some slight moral fault is at the root of his intellectual blindness. If, however, his mistake was utterly unavoidable, it then calls not for ridicule but pity, while, if the moral obliquity is extreme, it then gives rise to loathing. The apprehension of the ridiculous is sometimes thought to be an apprehension of what is antithetical to the sublime, and certainly some instructive contrasts may be drawn between our apprehensions of the beautiful, the sublime and the ridiculous. The delight of giving an extra turn of the screw that destroys the last shred of verisimilitude for the sake of a fantastic effect is to be seen everywhere in American humorous writing. We can say with truth they love exaggeration. The idea of the sublime tends to overwhelm us with a sense of our relative inferiority which the comic rarely, if at all, does.

Humour is characterized by an inclination to reflect, and to take large views of things which embrace relations; further, by a mirthful caprice of fancy in choosing for playground the confines of issues felt all the time to be serious. It grows distinctly philosophic when, as in Jean Paul or his disciple, Carlyle, the contemplation of things breaks through the limitations of the viewer's particular world-corner, surmounts "relative" points of view, and regards humanity as a whole, with oneself projected into the spectacle, as nearly as possible as disinterested spectator.

Lamb himself has told us what attitude a man should bring to the appreciation of this comedy. He is to regard these "sports of a witty fancy" as "a world of themselves almost as much as fairy-land." His moral feelings are left at home with his morning suit. He goes to the play in order "to escape from the pressure of reality." For him the figures that pursue one another across the stage have no moral substance, and are proper subjects neither for approval nor for disapproval. "In other words," wrote Sully, "Lamb tells us that the comedy of Congreve and his school is to be taken as a pure show, holding no relations to the real, everyday world. This view has been spurned by Macauley, in a well-known essay, as subversive of morals. To him, the comedy of the Restoration is a thing that is inherently anti-moral in spirit and intention; and he proceeds to pound it with weighty invectives."

Why does wit amuse us? Tendency-wit saves us the trouble of self-repression. In other words, we derive pleasure from an "economy of psychic expenditure." That phrase is too precious to be lost. How can we force "Harmless wit" into the frame? Why, ever since we were children we have been repressing our childish pleasure in nonsense and free play among words; "harmless wit" allows us indulgence again. Here we have our economy in psychic expenditure so *that* synthesis is complete. He really need not have given an appearance of doubt by throwing in "the rediscovery of the familiar" as a make-weight. Why, again, does wit so often seem suddenly inspired? Because "a fore-conscious thought is left for a moment to unconscious elaboration and the results are forthwith grasped by the conscious perception." When Dr. Freud remembers that sometimes such an unconscious process has obviously *not* taken place, all he has to do is to assume "a particular *personal adaptation* which finds it as easy to come to expression as it is for the fore-conscious thought to sink for a moment into the unconscious."

No human actions, apart from those of mere organic life, take place at an earlier stage of existence than do the smile and laugh of the infant. Laughter, also, is conspicuous in persons whose process of mental development has been abnormally arrested. According to Sir Crichton Browne, laughter is the most prevalent and frequent of all the emotional expressions of idiots. Though some are "utterly stolid," yet many laugh frequently in a quite senseless manner, while others "grin, chuckle, and giggle whenever food is placed before them, or when they are caressed, or shown bright colours, or hear music."

Vocal exercises, of which laughing is clearly one, have been recommended by experts from the time of Aristotle as a means of

strengthening the lungs and of furthering the health of the organism as a whole. By many, moreover, laughter has been specifically inculcated as a hygienic measure. The learned Burton (b. 1577) quotes a number of physicians in favour of the ancient custom of enlivening the feast with mirth and jokes. The reader may find references to the salutary effects of laughter in the latest textbooks of physiology.

"I prefer," writes Max Beerbohm, "that laughter shall take me unawares. Only so can it master and dissolve me. And in this respect, at any rate, I am not peculiar. In music halls and such places, you may hear loud laughter, but—not see silent laughter, not see strong men weak, helpless, suffering, gradually convalescent, dangerously relapsing. Laughter at its greatest and best is not there. To such laughter nothing is more propitious than an occasion that demands gracuity. To have good reason for not laughing is one of the surest aids. Laughter rejoices in bonds. If music halls were schoolrooms for us, and the comedians were our schoolmasters, how much less talent would be needed for giving us how much more joy! Even in private and accidental intercourse, few are the men whose humour can reduce us, be we never so susceptible, to paroxysms of mirth. I will wager that nine-tenths of the world's best laughter is laughter *at*, not *with*. And it is the people set in authority over us that touch most surely our sense of the ridiculous. Freedom is a good thing, but we lose through it golden moments. The schoolmaster to his pupils, the monarch to his courtiers, the editor to his staff—how priceless they are!"

The humble birthplace of Greek comedy was the village revel—a sort of merry harvest home—of the vintagers. At first, we read, there was no actor, only a leader "who let off coarse and scurrilous impromptus." Or, as another writer has it, Greek farce began with mocking songs and ironical speeches during processions, the Greeks being quick to mimic and to improvise. The dawn of our own comedy shows a somewhat similar process. It was in an atmosphere of mirth that the child, half-seriously quizzing things in order to laugh the more, was born.

Tickling is probably the most primitive expression of the sense of the laughable that we can observe. The laughter which is roused by tickling is due to the tickled person instinctively reacting to the touch as though it were a threat of bodily harm, and almost at once perceiving the fear to be unjustified. The laugh does not arise from the sense of the ludicrous in this situation (though such a secondary or civilised laugh might be grafted on to the first),

but from the physiological changes resulting from the mental apprehension of the fact that there was no danger to be feared.

The call for action (against the threat) with which the situation resulting in laughter begins increases the sugar in the blood. This sugar, and the other associated secretions, supply an extra source of energy. When action is called off this extra store of energy-producers would remain in the body, and become, since unrequired, waste products. These waste products would clog the body, which would be like a fire with too much fuel. Laughter, therefore, Dr. Crile suggests, substitutes for action *by* the body action *of* or *in* the body, and thus consumes the "energizing secretions."

This theory, which gains strength and significance the more closely it is examined, accounts for the feeling of physical well-being which accompanies laughter, the excess energy being expended within the body; and also for the severe exhaustion which accompanies prolonged laughter. It must not be thought that Mr. Gregory identifies the *sensations* of laughter and of relief. Laughter is something more vigorous than a sensation of relief; it is, he appositely quotes Hobbes, "a sudden glory following the mental perception of the occasion for relief. It is the accompanying exuberance which makes laughter so important an element in the personal and in the social life.

A woman who was caught in machinery and suddenly snatched from mutilation or death, threw herself on a table and laughed. If we can never get close to an original laughter of sheer relief we get close to it in this incident. Then again at the Roman feast of the Lupercalia two young men were bound to the sacrificial altar. When their cheeks had been smeared with a bloody knife and wiped with wool dipped in milk the ritual required them to laugh. This dwindled ritual relic of an original sacrifice, in which the young men were doubtless actually slain, would allow no disturbance of its solemnity by amusement. This ritual laughter expressed relief, and as relief, it is important to note, it was estimated.

When Washington Irving was staying at a country house he was wakened on Christmas morning by little voices singing carols outside his chamber door. As he peeped out at the children their voices hushed, and they stood mute with shyness. Then they scampered down the corridor, and Irving heard them laughing as they turned the corner. In this little episode a laughter of amusement is almost observed in the act of emergence from laughter of relief, for the children laughed first because they were relieved, and, secondly, because they were amused.

In the make-believe world of literature, on the other hand, we can laugh at disasters that in real life would horrify us just as in retrospect we can laugh at accidents to ourselves that at the time of their occurrence caused us nothing but terror and pain. Literature, it seems to me, puts us in the mood of retrospect, and our attitude to a great deal of the physical pain that is dealt out so lavishly in comedy may be explained by the fact that we regard it as belonging not to the present, but to the past. The illusion of literature is never a complete illusion. Even when it transports us into another world, we know in our secret imaginations that this is a world in which things have not quite the same significance as in the world that we at present inhabit. If it were not so, who could bear to read a tragedy? Yet, no one after reading "King Lear" ever puts on mourning. On the contrary, the day after we have read "King Lear" we mourn only that there is not a tragedy on earth to surpass it. Thus it is clear that our sensibilities in literature are somewhat different from our sensibilities in life. They may be founded on our sensibilities in life, but in literature an element of play—is not even "Hamlet" called a "play"?—of make-believe, enters into them, and enables us to enjoy many things that, if they actually took place in our presence, would make us miserable.

Thomas Brown included the perception of "unexpected congruity" with the perception of "unexpected incongruity" in the feeling of the ludicrous. The detection and expression of remote resemblances, or congruities, is the traditional role of wit. Thus Traill conforms to two traditions in describing "humour" as the display, and wit as the revelation of unsuspected similarity. If these two descriptions are both true, and if wit is a species of the ludicrous, Traill is involved in contradiction, for his "humour" is our sense of the ludicrous. He escapes the contradiction by denying that wit is laughable in itself, assigning to it a sedate form of pleasureable emotion, and by explaining its frequent accompaniment by laughter through a simultaneous revelation of likeness and exposure of incongruity. Traill hints very distinctly at the truth, though he unduly restricts wit by confining it to the revelation of similarities, and incompletely relates it to laughter through its exposure of incongruity. He rightly perceives that, though wit and laughter are such close neighbors as to provoke a mistaken belief in their membership of one family, wit is not one of the laughs, and provides them with occasions without being itself laughable.

The spirit of pure comedy is the shyest, most illusive, and treacherous of all the spirits which lure the novelist up the slippery foot-

hills of Parnassus. Writers who have taken tragedy fairly by the collar have wallowed in horrible quagmires of farce and awful humour in their endeavour to catch so much as a wisp of comedy's fancy as she flits in front of them of the truth being that she dances across such a narrow plank, with farce, pathos, and bathos all around her, that it takes a sure foot and a fine sense of balance to follow.

And what better explosive is there than humour? "A little ruthless laughter," says a writer, "clears the air as nothing else can do it; it is good for us, every now and then, to see our ideals laughed at, our conception of nobility caricatured; it is good for solemnity's nose to be tweaked, it is good for human pomposity to be made to look mean and ridiculous." There are the popular pleasures of the twentieth century, for example; an ounce of dynamite would do them (and their devotees) all the good in the world. In the cinema "countless audiences soak passively in the tepid bath of nonsense."

A joke is more like a tune than anything else. You may compare tunes and try to find reasons why this one is better than that; but it always comes to this, that there is a tune-instinct which tries to master experience, to make tunes of it, and that the best tunes are those which have mastered most experience and yet remain triumphantly tunes. But how they master it, how we know that some have mastered more than others, or what is the source of the peculiar pleasure of a tune—that is to us unknown, and must be so; or tunes would cease to be tunes for us and become something else, which, of their nature, they cannot do. A tune is a tune and nothing else; and a joke is a joke and nothing else; and that is why we enjoy both so purely and with an enjoyment like no other.

"It is for the mastering emotions of love and religion," writes an Oxford don, "so far as they are not content to confess themselves mere lust and superstition, that men most necessarily seek expression. And where they are most impelled to create beauty they most dread the ugliness which is failure and which can only be redeemed as comic. Otherwise it is hard to see why a passionate attraction to one's fellow-mortals need have been more laughable than hate or hunger or any strong propensity; yet the relation of our physical economy to the love of the sexes and to the procreation of human souls has been a choice theme for humorists from Aristophanes to Sterne, only gaining an added piquancy from the added exaltations of Christian and chivalrous love. So universal is the

appeal, so inherent does it seem in the subject, that if, on the strength of bodily and natural beauty, we speak of nature as the divine artist, providing us with natural symbols for self-expression, it is hard to see why we should not speak of it as the divine humorist providing us, in no malicious irony, with an inexhaustible well of timely laughter. More subtly if less profoundly amusing are those extravagances of the spirit, doted on by Meredith, those illusions and self-deceptions, false delicacies and idealisations in which romantic passion has clothed itself in the modern world."

Laughter seems at once the simplest and least decipherable of human riddles. All laughter, it is well known, contains, fundamentally, an element of relief. Probably men have been clearer as to the sources of their tears; and if we believe, like Johnson, that our sense is keener of what we suffer than of what we enjoy, that might account for the position. But the inference is not certain, nor even the fact. It is because laughter is so lively and transfiguring a commotion that we have great doubts when it is taken to pieces. The mere act of doing that seems incongruous—almost an unconscious humour. In our heart of hearts, perhaps, we do not want the thing made explicable. A joke which has to be explained is no joke, and one which has been explained is too generally explained away. And so with laughter; to probe the springs exactly might be perilous.

We enjoy jokes for themselves and in themselves; but there is also a philosophic, even a religious gusto in our enjoyment of them, because they are the very type of those things which we enjoy in themselves and for themselves. Besides the enjoyment of the joke, there comes to us subsidiary enjoyment in exulting and consenting waves with the recognition that this joke is indeed a joke; it is as if we had seen an angel and thereby become convinced of the existence of angels. In the world of use and wont we are so involved in things that no one can enjoy for their own sake, things which can be valued only in terms of something else, that we lose the habit of immediate enjoyment, almost the belief in it. To experience it suddenly once again is the true "sudden glory" of laughter, which Hobbes explained with the perversity of unconscious malice. He said that laughter is incident most in them, that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves (Shakespeare, for instance, or Aristophanes), who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of other men.

"Such," Mr. Eastman says, "is the most famous opinion about laughter ever expressed and the most purely and perfectly incor-

rect." But it is only one of many sayings which find in laughter always some flattering of our own defects. On this point Bergson is no better than Hobbes. In laughter—Mr. Eastman quotes him:

"We always find an unavowed intention to humiliate, and consequently to correct our neighbor, if not in his will, at least in his deeds. . . . Laughter is incompatible with emotion. Depict some fault, however trifling, in such a way as to arouse sympathy, fear or pity; the mischief is done; it is impossible for us to laugh."

Laughter incompatible with emotion! Think of Hamlet, of Tristram Shandy; above all, of the music of Mozart, in which laughter and emotion seem to be one, in which we hear angels laughing so that they, and we, must go on laughing, to the complete satisfaction of all emotions.

The nature of laughter, as of most things, is not in its origin, but in what it is trying to be. It is our effort to rise to the level of the comic, as art is our effort to rise to the level of the beautiful. Not only is there creative evolution in laughter; but it is, itself, the surprised and delighted awareness of creative evolution with its power of bringing rabbits out of hats.

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

THE French Revolution can be treated in more ways than one—with epic irony as by Carlyle, with philosophic analysis as by Lord Acton, or in the narrative style. Carlyle's method has the disadvantage of exaggerating persons and incidents out of proportion to their importance. With Lord Acton's so much depends on the philosopher, who is apt to bring to bear on his subject tests too severe for the lay intelligence. But if the story is left to tell itself, so to speak, we get much nearer the heart of things. A dispassionate exposure of the facts explains to us why a movement that began so well lost its impetus; why reform gave place to insurrection, and insurrection had recourse to outrage; and why the cannonade of Valmy inaugurated not, as men hoped, a regenerated world but organized slaughter.

The history of the Revolution is still for most people a panegyric or a philippic, in which more attention is given to commenting on and judging the facts than to ascertaining them and ordering them according to the principles of causality: for the French Revolution awoke humanity from an age long sleep, and the cramping traditions of many centuries were dissolved. But its watchwords of Liberty and Equality have not been translated into fact. The wars which followed vastly stimulated the organisation of power, but that power was consolidated in the hands of the few,—and used principally for the private gain of the few. Until the unprecedented control which man has gained over natural resources can be placed in the hands of chosen and trusted persons, and used for the purpose of freeing from the degrading motive of individual hunger the servants of humanity, there can be no realisation of the ideal of political liberty. Most of the narratives of the Revolution have been written by partisans of the successful revolt against the ancient regime of France. Some of these writers had Liberal and Constitutional sympathies, some were out-and-out Jacobins, or Bolsheviks, as they are now called. Even the military and Imperialist party in France professed to sympathise with the Revolution in theory, partly from contempt for the Bourbon rule and partly because their great Emperor and his army arose in the Revolutionary Service.

Nevertheless, these writers one and all travestied the truth. The rule of the French Kings, though feeble, was not tyrannous. The regime needed reform, which was, in fact, accorded by Louis XVI, and the nobility long before the great catastrophe of law and order.

Take a rapid survey of France in the closing years of the Monarchy. She had not recovered the desolation of the long wars of Louis XIV, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the monstrous extravagance of Versailles and the corrupt system which was there concentrated. The entire authority was practically absorbed by the Crown, whilst the most incredible confusion and disorganisation reigned throughout the administration. A network of incoherent authorities crossed, recrossed, and embarrassed each other throughout the forty provinces. The law, the customs, the organisation of the provinces, different from one other. Throughout them existed thousands of hereditary offices without responsibility, and sinecures cynically created for the sole purpose of being sold. The administration of justice was as completely incoherent as the public service. Each province, and often each district, city, or town, had special tribunals with peculiar powers of its own and anomalous methods of jurisdiction. There were nearly four hundred different codes of customary law. There were civil tribunals, military tribunals, commercial tribunals, exchequer tribunals, ecclesiastic tribunals, and manorial tribunals. A vast number of special causes could only be sued before special judges. If civil justice was in a state of barbarous complication and confusion criminal justice was even more barbarous.

Two great currents prepared and made the Great French Revolution. One of them, the current of ideas, concerning the political reorganisation of States, came from the middle classes; the other, the current of action, came from the people, both peasants and workers in towns, who wanted to obtain immediate and definite improvements in their economic condition. And when these two currents met and joined in the endeavour to realise an aim which for some time was common to both, when they had helped each other for a certain time, the result was the Revolution. What we call the French Revolution of 1789, was really a new phase of civilisation announcing its advent in form. It had the character of religious zeal because it was a movement of the human race towards a completer humanity.

Rhetoricians, poets, and preachers have accustomed us too long to dwell on the lurid side of the movement, on its follies, crimes, and failures: They have overrated the relative importance of the catastrophe, and by profuse pictures of the horrors, they have drawn off attention from its solid and enduring fruits. Though a new France was born, it had little ability in the face of popular discomfort and

the fear, the very real fear, of foreign invasion. A good deal has been made of the self-denying ordinance, brought forward by Robespierre, which prohibited members of the Constituent Assembly from sitting in the Legislative. The mistake, however, was not serious, since politicians, all pretty much on one level, abounded. The Legislative Assembly had quite the energy of its predecessor, and Condorcet's educational proposals, together with universal suffrage, rounded off the reconstruction of France.

The year 1789, more definitely than any other date marks any other transition, marks the close of a society which had existed for some thousands of years as a consistent whole, a society more or less based upon military force, intensely imbued with the spirit of hereditary right, bound up with ideas of theological sanction, sustained by a scheme of supramundane authority; a society based upon caste, on class, on local distinctions and personal privilege, rooted in inequality, political, social, material, and moral; a society of which the hope of salvation was the maintenance of the status quo, and of which the Ten Commandments were Privilege.

The fact is that a people does not pass all of a sudden with the maximum of facility from several centuries of administrative and political minority to a new system of complete autonomy; experience of affairs cannot be improvised, and it is one thing to know by heart Montesquieu and Rousseau (we may add Marx and Nakunin), and another to govern a democratic republic; one thing to destroy a castle and another to direct the administration of a rural commune.

To too many of us the French Revolution is but a chapter, enlivened perhaps by a few dramatic personalities, in that strange dry, and embalmed record of antiquities which is generally known as "history."

Extremes of luxury and misery with which life abounded in the eighteenth century have been admirably depicted by every historian of the Great Revolution. But one feature remains to be added, the importance of which stands out especially when we study the condition of the peasants at this moment in Russia on the eve of the great Russian Revolution.

The misery of the great mass of French peasants was undoubtedly frightful. It has increased by leaps and bounds, ever since the reign of Louis XIV, as the expenditure of the State increased and the luxury of the great lords became more exquisite in the extravagancies revealed for us in certain memoirs of that time. What helped to make the exactions of the nobility unendurable was that a great

number of them, when ruined, hiding their poverty under a show of luxury, resorted in desperation to the extortion of even the least of those rents and payment in kind, which only custom had established. They treated the peasants, through the intermediary of their stewards, with the rigour of mere brokers. Impoverishment turned the nobility, in their relations with their ex-serfs, into middle-class money-grubbers, incapable, however, of finding any other source of revenue than the exploitation of ancient privileges, relics of the feudal age.

The lawyers did their part. In so far as inequality depended upon the legal status of a privileged class it was replaced by the principle of civil equality. If we ask why the Revolution broke out in France instead of in England, seeing that the capitalist and industrial system which supplied the driving-wheel both of governments and of the forces that were changing them was more advanced in England than in France, the answer is partly, that in the game France and England were playing, it was England who won, and consequently England who swept in the stakes, India and America, and therefore it was England who could afford to pay the interest on her debt. "On the whole," observes Professor Courthope, "it may be said of the state of English taste on the eve of the French Revolution that, while cultivated society was far from having lost its hold on the principles of criticism established in literature by the study of the classics, the weakening of the governing classes and the spread of cosmopolitan ideas among the people had produced a body of opinion extremely favourable for the experiments of any pioneers who might attempt a new departure in the art of poetry."

The people groaned under the burden of taxes levied by the State, rents and contributions paid to the lord, as well as under the forced labour exacted by all. Entire populations were reduced to beggary and wandered on the roads to the number of five, ten or twenty thousand men, women and children in every province; in 1777, one million one hundred thousand persons were officially declared to be beggars. In the villages famine had become chronic; its intervals were short, and it decimated entire provinces. Peasants were flocking in hundreds and thousands from their neighbourhood, in the hope, soon undeceived, of finding better conditions elsewhere. At the same time, the number of the poor in the towns increased every year, and it was quite usual for food to run short. As the municipalities could not replenish the markets, bread riots, always followed by massacres, became a persistent feature in the everyday life of the kingdom.

As to existing histories, the following weighty opinion of G. Lenôtre is worth pondering: "We must lay it down," he says, "as a principle that we still know hardly anything of what went on behind the scenes during the Revolution. Those who communicate the knowledge of it to us have too often reduced it to the narrow measure of our prejudices or of their partiality; it was very different from that which they show us, and if a Robespierre, a Barras, or a Fouché were by a miracle to return and describe it to us without either reticence or omission, their narrative would appear absurd to the official professors who have made a point of instructing us." (*The Dauphin—Louis XVII: The Riddle of the Temple* p. 107.) If M. Lenôtre's views be correct it helps to explain the curious fact that no two historians are entirely at one, not merely in their presentation of the facts, but in the conclusions they draw from them.

The terrible cataclysm came about because scandalous abuses, monstrous inequalities and a rotten fiscal system subsisted side by side with an effete government and an active public opinion. In any case, any good that the Revolution accomplished had been achieved by the autumn of 1789, when political inequalities and feudal privileges had been abolished with the free consent of the King and the aristocracy. All that followed was a useless medley of blasphemy and blood, and it has left to Europe the evil legacy of conscription and Imperialism.

Louis XVI was unfortunate in succeeding to the throne after two wholly unsatisfactory reigns; unhappy, too, in that his succession had been anticipated as the only chance of better things. He was not the man for the times. As we know, he meant well, but he did not well know what he should mean. Slow, good, slightly stupid, adoring a masterful and worldly wife, Louis XVI was the man to whom France looked in the spring of 1774, for the salvation she so sorely needed.

The reign of Louis XVI saw arbitrary monarchy definitely established. Many of the nobles, shorn of their ancient power, had to live at Court to live at all; and so, being strong in numbers, had largely to fill sinecures (to the utter prejudice of merit,) save those who still, by the exaction of their feudal rights, were able to draw blood from a stone or a living from a starving country. Nobles, Parliaments, liberty of life, liberty of conscience, all went down before Louis XIV. Under his heir the bleeding of France continued; warfare under Louis XIV, warfare and debauchery under Louis XV: Warfare not against enemies only, but against the intellect

and its liberty. Of the state of France in 1774, of the state in which it lingered until 1789, I shall say a few words later. Here it is enough to say that France was a starving nation on the verge of bankruptcy from the simplest causes. The crowd of nobles to be kept in feudal state; of courtiers, of younger sons, to be found sinecures, commissions, or offices; the hosts of lawyers, were more than one poor country, partly cultivated by obsolete methods, could possibly perpetually support. Yet support them, for a time, she did, and to do so contracted debts. The matter was no more complex than this. Proper taxation, better cultivation; it sounds an easy reform, but led to the Revolution and the Terror.

By the people generally the battle of the Revolution was fought not so much for political liberty as for personal equality. The peasants certainly did not trouble their heads much about such abstract notions as the "rights of man," and it is doubtful whether the high-sounding words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," meant more in their ears than such an alteration in the existing scheme of things as would secure them immunity from the burden of taxation by the State and from the exactions of the lords of the soil. Nor were the middle classes, or bourgeoisie, more idealistic in their outlook. They, for the most part, like the peasants, demanded liberty only in so far as it would ensure them justice; they objected to despotism, not because despotism was in itself an outrage on humanity, but because of the flagrant injustices and inequalities for which it was answerable. The ruling passion of the middle-class citizen was for such a betterment of the established order as would allow him to enjoy his personal freedom and possessions without constant interference and disturbance. As for the leaders of the revolutionary movement, it is questionable whether they were deeply stirred by the wrongs of the down-trodden masses, though when it came to asking them for their suffrages, they did not hesitate to play upon and to magnify those wrongs, as is the immemorial habit of all demagogues in the pursuit of place. If they fought for political liberty, it was as the synonym of power—power to attain the ends of their own ambition and to reap the fruits of their own cupidity.

It is a curious fact that while educated opinion in France now realizes that the great Revolution was in the main a series of hypocrisies and murderous rascalities, English writers still often accept as gospel the picture of a revolt against inhuman oppression pictured in Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*.

The Revolution was in truth but a mere phenomenon on the surface of the national life—a bubble, monstrous and in many respects noxious, which did but need to be pricked to vanish in the smoke of its own bursting. It was a movement, engineered, as we have seen, by a set of wild reactionaries, which beat up against the rock of the national character till it destroyed itself by the force of the impact. Behind the Revolution the great heart of the French people, though doubtless temporarily disturbed and deranged, maintained its accustomed beat, and probably had we been there to see we should have discovered that for the great mass of French men and women the Revolution made very little difference.

The French Revolution brought on the stage of human affairs forces which have moulded the actions of men ever since, and have taken a permanent place among the formative influences of civilization. As Christianity taught that man was a spiritual being, so the Revolution asserted the equality of man, each of whom had inalienable rights.

On the other hand might be seen the superfine aristocrat of the eighteenth century squandering immense fortunes—hundreds of thousands and millions of francs a year—in unbridled and absurd luxury. Readers of all nations may well be attracted by the story of these few crowded years of glorious and of sordid life, teeming with paradox and mystery, with lofty hopes and bitter disillusion, beginning with the wild enthusiasm of a great people panting for freedom, and closing with the most dramatic incident of history, the rise, the greatness, and the fall of the Heir of the Revolution. But, if this period has so deep an interest for the outside world, how much deeper is the absorption of the near descendants of those who acted their part in the tragedy of the Terror or the glory of the Empire! There can be no question that the Revolution has influenced the daily life, the religion, the thought, the legal position of every Frenchman now living, in a degree which has no parallel in the past history of any other nation. France, moreover, possesses in the *École des Chartes* an unrivalled school of history. Thus the importance of the Revolution gives the motive while the *École des Chartes* supplies the means, the result being a constantly increasing literature on the subject. Perhaps the most significant portion of this literature consists of the many periodicals and publications of societies devoted to the history of the period, such as the "*Publications relative à La Révolution*," published by the municipality of Paris, the series of monographs issued by the "*Société de l'histoire de la Révolution*," the "*Révolution Française*," the "*Annales Révolu-*

tionnaires" and others, all throwing new light on one detail after another of the Revolution in Paris and in the provinces, and all finding interested readers. The ideas of the masses were expressed chiefly by simple negations. "Let us burn the registers in which the feudal dues are recorded! Down with the tithes! Down with 'Madame Veto!' Hang the aristocrats!" But to whom was the freed land to go? Who were to be heirs of the guillotined nobles? Who was to grasp the political power when it should fall from the hands of "Monsieur Veto," the power which became in the hands of the middle classes a much more formidable weapon than it had been under the old régime?

This want of clearness in the mind of the people as to what they should hope from the Revolution left its imprint on the whole movement. While the middle classes were marching with firm and decided steps towards the establishment of their political power in a State which they were trying to mould, according to their preconceived ideas, the people were hesitating. In the towns, especially, they did not seem to know how to turn to their own advantage the power they had conquered. And later, when ideas concerning agrarian laws and equalising of incomes began to take definite form, they ran foul of a mass of property prejudices, with which even those sincerely devoted to the cause of the people were imbued. The delirium, the extravagancies, the hysterics, and the brutalities which succeeded one another in a series of strange tragi-comic tableaux from 1789 to 1795, were most intensely French, though even they, from Caps of Liberty to Festival of Pikes, have had singular fascination for the revolutionists of every race. But the picturesque and melodramatic accessories of the revolution have been so copiously over-colored by the scene-painters and stage-carpenters of history, that we are too often apt to forget how essentially European the revolution was in all its deeper meanings.

The members of the Convention, 716 declared Louis XVI guilty. Twelve members were absent through illness or official business, and five abstained from voting. No one said "not guilty." The appeal to the people was rejected by 423 votes out of the 709 who voted. Paris, during all this time, was in a state of profound agitation, especially in the faubourgs.

The voting by name on the third question—the penalty—lasted twenty-five consecutive hours. Here again, apparently through the influence of the Spanish ambassador, and perhaps with the help of his piastres, one deputy, Mailhe, tried to stir up confusion by voting for a reprieve, and his example was followed by twenty-six

members. Sentence of death, without any proviso, was pronounced by 387 out of 721 voters, there being five who abstained from voting and twelve absent. The sentence was therefore pronounced only by a majority of fifty-three voices—by twenty-six only, if we exclude the votes containing conditions of reprieve. And this was at a moment when all the evidence went to prove that the King had plotted treason; and that to let him live was to arm one-half of France against the other, to deliver up a large part of France to the foreigners, and, finally, to stop the Revolution at the time when, after three years of hesitation, during which nothing durable had been effected, an opportunity at last presented itself of broaching the great questions which were of such intense interest to the country.

But the fears of the middle classes went so far that on the day of the King's execution they expected a general massacre. On January 21, Louis XVI died upon the scaffold. One of the chief obstacles to all social regeneration within the Republic existed no longer. There is evidence that up to the last moment Louis hoped to be liberated by a rising, and an attempt to carry him off, when on the way to execution, had in fact been arranged. The vigilance of the Commune caused this to fail.

Immediately after the execution of Capet, a young Englishman, the emissary of George III and Pitt, gave ten francs to a gendarme to be allowed to dip a white handkerchief in the blood of the Tyrant. This handkerchief he carried to Pitt, who caused it to be hoisted as a flag on the summit of the Tower of London, hoping thus to rouse the people to fury against the French nation. Unhappily for him, this new species of banner produced a totally opposite effect. The English people, when they flocked to see the symbol of the death of an execrable tyrant, were seized with a noble desire to emulate the example of their brave neighbours by ridding themselves of their own tyrant, and washing out in his blood the crimes he had committed against liberty. The debate in the House of Lords on February 2, 1793, spread fury far and wide. The brave *sansculottes* of London embraced each other frantically, hoisted the tricolour, donned the bonnet rouge, and flew to the Society of the Friends of the Revolution. They placed its President, the virtuous Lord Stanhope, at their head, and bore him in triumph to St. Paul's, where they hoisted the Cap of Liberty as an answer to the blood-stained handkerchief. Next they marched against the Parliament House. The honourables of the House of Lords, conscious of their guilt, did their utmost to barricade themselves, but

in vain. Many of them have been arrested and will shortly suffer the penalty of their crimes. The infamous Calonne and the other *émigrés*, who conspired with Pitt against Liberty, have already received their punishment. They are all dead. As for those of the House of Commons who have advocated the cause of the people, this day of vengeance has been for them a feast of happiness and triumph. Still there remained the punishment of the Tyrant, the prospect of which raised the public fury to its sublimest height. The note of doom sounds immediately: Marie Antoinette appears like a kind of graceful victim, even on her wedding journey, and the ministers of sacrifice lower in the distance—for the present respectful and deferential. The awful liturgy proceeds; the event is written down in the books of fate; and so the movement passes along, through horror after horror—the atmosphere darkening at each instant—until the hour strikes, the knife falls, and all is over. Yet with all this, we never are allowed to forget for one instant that the drama is not acted by helpless and controlled marionettes; they are real people who tread the stage; their most personal characteristics and temperaments help on the action of the piece; they behave as they like; and yet each impulse or shrinking movement is worked into the play. The sense grows on one that even if they had acted differently, it could not have changed that destiny, though it would have modified the particular manner in which that destiny was fulfilled. Thought deepens and deepens into a kind of awful certitude that there was some will—whether kindly or harsh is a matter of opinion—that controlled those actors—monarchial and popular alike—with so supreme an ease and subtlety, that, struggle as they will, it is but as struggling in a quicksand, where every movement, however violent, but plunges them deeper. The sea must, in the long run, receive her dead. Now at length the Revolution lent all its force to the Committee of Public Safety for a season and the government became pitiless, invincible, and absolute. The result was one of the noblest military triumphs in history. A nation struggling for freedom defeated a continent.

But in the struggle the nation was after all baulked of the very freedom for which it was fighting. The Revolution, growing weary of perpetual struggle and suspicion, entrusted its soul to Danton, Ropespierre and Marat, and the soul was lost, not, it must be owned, by the fault of those men.

Every great attempt of the human race seems to entail an expenditure of force that makes it fail after a time, though some fruit is ultimately gained. The Romans established an empire that did

wondrous things for humanity, but they came to grief because in this grand enterprise they came upon unforeseen problems of economics and politics which they had not the opportunity to solve. Similarly the French nation advanced bravely into their Revolution, but the weight of the unforeseen problems became heavier with every month. The more closely the events in France after 1792 are compared to the late Russian Revolution the more striking is the similarity. It is evident that the miscreants who have brought Russia to the dust had closely studied and faithfully imitated their French model.

Lord Acton, in his *Essays on the French Revolution*, admitted:

“The appalling thing in the French Revolution is not the tumult but the design. Through all the fire and smoke we perceive the evidence of calculating organization. The managers remain studiously concealed and masked; but there is no doubt about their presence from the first.”

Chief of all the political reformers, in many things the noblest type of the men of '89, is the great Turgot; he, who if France could have been spared a revolution, was the one man that could have saved her. After him, Necker, a much inferior man, though with equally good intentions, attempted the same task; and the years from 1774-1781 sufficed to show that reform without revolution was impossible. But the twenty years of noble effort, from the hour when Turgot became intendant of Limoges in 1761 until the fall of Necker's ministry in 1781, contained an almost complete rehearsal, were a prelude and epitome, of the practical reforms which the Revolution accomplished after so much blood and such years of chaos. Most assuredly the close of the eighteenth century in France displayed a convulsion, a frenzy, a chaos such as the world's history has not often equalled. There was folly, crime, waste, destruction, confusion, and horror of stupendous proportions, and of all imaginable forms. There was the Terror, the Festival of Reason, the Reaction, and all the delirium, the orgy, the extravagance, which give brilliancy to small historians and serve as rhetoric to petty politicians. Assuredly the revolution closed in with most ghastly surprises to the philanthropists and philosophers who entered on it in 1789 with so light a heart. Assuredly it has bequeathed to the statesmen and the people of our century problems of portentous difficulty and number.

The operation by which one idea is driven from power is called in logic negation, that by which another is established is called

affirmation. Every revolutionary negation therefore implies a subsequent affirmation; this principle, which the practice in revolutions proves, is about to receive a wonderful confirmation.

Is it because we are so intolerant of introspection that as long as the political machine works fairly well we don't inquire too closely as to the mechanism? Or that we are characteristically incurious as to the political institutions of our neighbors? Or that, lacking a constitutional code, we do not possess, like Germany, France?

Here are a few illustrations of the amazing ignorance of the Frenchmen of the Revolution. One of the most important points that rose during the early discussions on the Constitution was the right of the King to sanction the laws passed by the Assembly. This right was bitterly opposed by the Left, who managed ingeniously to turn the question round until it figured as the right of the Crown to veto. Street orators, ballads, placards, were employed to exasperate the public against the Veto. The people of Paris and elsewhere had never heard the word before and had little or no idea of its meaning. It was explained by some as a new and crushing tax, by others as a speculation to raise the price of corn; as a plot to enable the Queen to send money to her brother the Emperor; as a law giving the King the right to hang whomsoever he chose without trial.

In short, it is the birth of completely new ideas concerning the manifold links in citizenship—conceptions which soon became realities, and then begin to spread among the neighbouring nations, convulsing the world and giving to the succeeding ages its watchword, its problems, its science, its lines of economic, political and moral development.

To arrive at a result of this importance, and for a movement to assume the proportions of a revolution, as happened in England between 1648 and 1688, and in France between 1789 and 1793, it is not enough that a movement of ideas, no matter how profound it may be, should manifest itself among the educated classes; it is not enough that disturbances, however many or great, should take place in the very heart of the people. The revolutionary action coming from the people must coincide with a movement of revolutionary thought coming from the educated classes. There must be a union of the two.

That is why the French Revolution, like the English Revolution of the preceding century, happened at the moment when the middle

classes, having drunk deep at the sources of current philosophy, became conscious of their rights, and conceived a new scheme of political organization. Strong in their knowledge and eager for the task, they felt themselves quite capable of seizing the government by snatching it from a palace aristocracy which, by its incapacity, frivolity and debauchery, was bringing the kingdom to utter ruin.

And such enormous movements, springing out of the entire past history of a great people, and destined to influence the future course of the world, take on very different aspects as they are viewed from day to day during their transaction, and as they will be recorded in the pages of history. When Emile Zola said, "*Il est rare qu'une révolution s'accomplisse dans le calme et dans le bon sens,*" he made a curious under-statement. Revolutions are never calm or commonsensical—otherwise they would not be revolutions.

That the horrors of the Revolution we are now witnessing eclipse those of the French Revolution, as the French Revolution far surpassed those of the English Revolution of which it was a belated replica, simply proves that Russia has suffered from a longer and more horrible tyranny than that against which France revolted, as France had suffered from a worse tyranny than England had endured. Proportionate causes produce proportionate effects. The monstrous ogre, Autocracy, has produced the hideous chimera, Bolshevism. Sycorax has spawned Caliban. What could be expected of so foul a parentage but fire and sword, red ruin, and the breaking up of laws? We must look upon such portents, not with the eyes—however keen and however honest—of the newspaper correspondent, but with the "larger other eyes" of the historian and the philosopher.

The final history of the Revolution has not yet been written, nor can it be completely written for a long time to come. We are still living and acting under its influence. Whether that influence has been for good or for evil is a question which cannot be lightly asked or glibly answered. It is the enigma which the present century will be called upon to solve.

CLAUDE WILLIAMSON.

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